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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889

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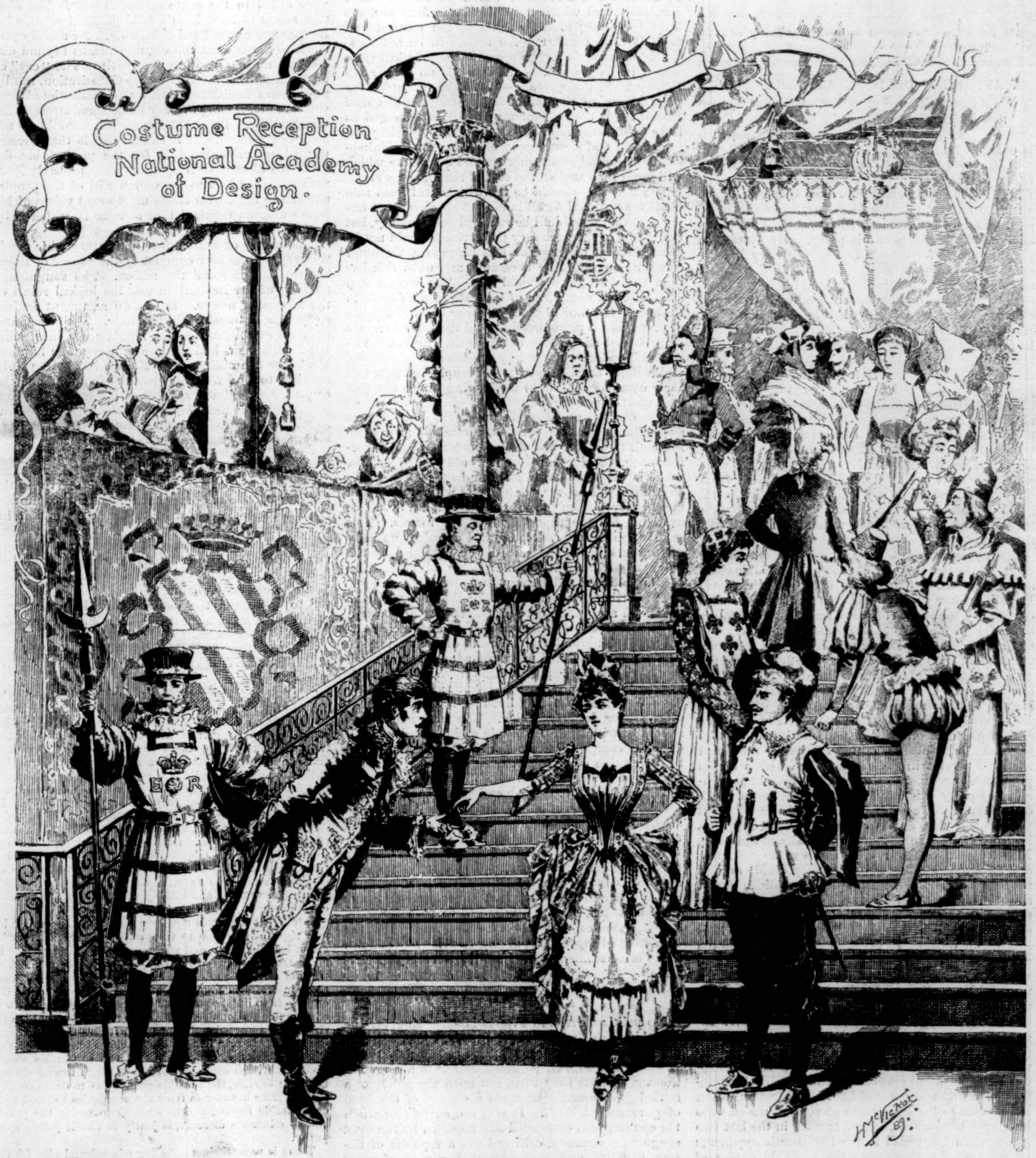
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CELIA THAXTER *contributes a poem, "The Troll and Tiis Lake: A Scandinavian Legend."*

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AN APPARENT DECISION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

FROM the thick cloud of rumor, surmise, and assertion which has enveloped the house of the President-elect at Indianapolis a statement emerges, which is accepted on all sides as decisive, that Mr. BLAINE will be called to the State Department and Mr. ALLISON to the Treasury. These are the two chief places in the cabinet, and the report is in accordance with the natural practice in a party government of surrounding the President in his cabinet with the acknowledged leaders of his party. Mr. ALLISON'S peculiar fitness for the head of the Treasury Department cannot be questioned. His unsullied personal and public character, his ability, and his long experience of public affairs eminently qualify him for the office to which he is believed to have been invited. His present views upon the tariff are not those which he formerly expressed, but he has doubtless felt constrained by the exigencies of political life to keep step with his party. His appointment will be regarded with general favor, and as the earnest of an able administration of the Treasury. The selection of Mr. BLAINE will be viewed with apprehension as promising to disturb the conservative Republican traditions of the State Department. Mr. SEWARD, Mr. FISH, Mr. EVARTS, and Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN were statesmen of a wholly different temperament from Mr. BLAINE, and there is no doubt that there was a general confidence when the conduct of our foreign relations was in their hands which Mr. BLAINE will not inspire.

The apparently authentic announcement of the choice of the two Secretaries shows the probable character of General HARRISON'S course as President. He will adhere strictly to his party, and govern his conduct by the advice of party leaders. He regards the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND possibly as largely due to the alienation of Democratic leaders by the independence of the Executive during the first part of the administration, and he does not mean to make a similar mistake. General GARFIELD said that President HAYES was not mindful enough of the wishes and feelings of members of Congress. A President, he said, cannot get on without conciliating them, and General GRANT abandoned his efforts for reform in the civil service in deference to the wishes of his party in Congress. In a system like ours of government by party it is natural and proper that a President should move in accord with his party. But while this is plain enough, it is not always easy for a President to determine what is the desire of the party. In every party there is a better and a worse sentiment and tendency, and the President may decide to heed the one or the other. Thus the Republican party, as such, has no general view or conviction upon the subject of civil service reform. A positive reform sentiment is held by some Republicans and it is spurned by others. In sustaining and extending the reform, President HARRISON, like President HAYES, would be supported by one part of his party and denounced by another part. He must decide for himself which to favor in his course upon this subject, Republicans like Senator HOAR or like Senator INGALLS.

It is in such decisions that a President's independence and strength of conviction are shown. President CLEVELAND was probably stronger with the country in the first two years of his administration, when he adhered to his own views of reform, which were held by many stanch Democrats, than in the last two years, when he yielded to the Democratic opponents of reform. In forecasting the probable course of General HARRISON it is to be remembered that for twenty-five years or more he has been an active party politician in Indiana, where politics have not been distinguished by great elevation or breadth of view. He has not been known, so far as we are aware, to hold any other opinion or to take any other course than the average opinion and course of his party. It is fair to assume that he will continue to do so, and that his conduct as President will conform to what he understands to be the average party sentiment. But his experience since the election has probably shown him the doubtful prospect of the maintenance of party harmony.

THE NATIONAL FORESTS.

IN his late speech at the Commonwealth Club Mr. SCHURZ said that if he had the power to choose for the country between an immediate reduction of tariff duties on the one hand and an effective forestry policy on the other,

> "I would unhesitatingly say, Let the people be burdened a little longer by the protected interests and the Trusts, for the people can at a future day change the system and retrieve their losses, rather than let the destruction of our forests go on at the present rate, for that destruction will bring on a train of disasters from which the country may never recover."

That this is a sagacious view is shown by articles in *Garden and Forest*, to which we have alluded heretofore, and which have stated the facts and the figures relating to the subject in the clearest and most forcible manner. An article in its last issue upon the nation's forests proposes the practical steps which in its judgment—and there is no higher authority upon the question—should be taken for the preservation of the national forests. *Garden and Forest* holds that the forests can be so managed as to be perpetually reproduced, and that they will yield forever an abundant supply of timber for the inhabitants of the adjacent country, and a revenue which will more than sustain the cost of the forest service.

The first step should be the withdrawal from sale of all the national forest lands. This would not imply that they should all be retained permanently, but the extent of the necessary preservation could not be determined at once. For this purpose a thorough examination would be necessary, and until this has been made all sales should stop. The second step should be the committal of the care of the forests to the army. In time of peace no other work of defence or protection is more pressing, and the forests cannot be protected adequately by any other means. The public forests are pillaged by settlers and by railroad and mining employés, without scruple or limit, and their complete and final destruction under the present want of system is a question of but a very short time. *Garden and Forest* regards the army officers as peculiarly qualified for this service and as possessing both the power and the means for its proper performance. Under their care it would be inexpensive, while it would be both costly and ineffective under any other. Moreover, as the army will be more and more relieved from the care of the Indians, it will be available for the supervision of the forests. This supervision should continue until an adequate body of foresters has been trained and equipped by the national government for the proper administration of an intelligent and permanent forestry policy.

The further proposition is made that a commission should be appointed by the President for a thorough examination of the national forests and their relations to the agricultural interests of the regions in which they stand, and to report upon a comprehensive plan for their preservation and management. These suggestions cover in a broad and general way the chief points to be considered for the establishment of a proper forestry policy. The national forests should be withdrawn from sale and carefully guarded while complete information is obtained in regard to their value of various kinds, and to a permanent system of protection and sale, and to that end due provision for the proper education of foresters. The pressing necessity of a forestry policy cannot be denied. The indispensability of arresting the vast and reckless destruction not only of such enormous values, but of the vital conditions of agricultural prosperity, is clearly recognized. It is a question which appeals to the good sense of all intelligent citizens, and it is one in which the lead in practical measures must be taken, if good results are to be secured, by accomplished experts. It is for that reason that the opinions and suggestions of an authority like *Garden and Forest* challenge attention and careful consideration.

FRENCH POLITICS.

No political event in France is surprising, for the one thing which the French people seem to lack is political constancy. Revolution in France is always possible, and French politics themselves are revolutionary, because they turn, not upon the policy of a settled government, but upon a change of the form of government itself. It was not surprising when the country was exhausted and appalled by the most sanguinary anarchy, calling itself a republic of liberty, equality, and fraternity, that a man of great military genius and imperial will should have made himself Emperor by securing and guaranteeing order to the satisfaction of the country, and it ought not to be surprising in a country so harried by revolution as France that factional struggles and imperial, monarchical, communistic, and anarchic schemes and ambitions should unite in declaring for a man who, without proof of ability of any kind, without public services, without any reason whatever for distinction, and famous only as a butt of ridicule, has become a popular idol. SACHEVEREL in England was not more an absurd hero of popular favor than BOULANGER in France. He has said nothing and done nothing of significance, but he was supposed to represent undying enmity to Germany, and the more negative and colorless he was, the more he could be regarded by every faction as its tool or its opportunity.

His election in Paris is not interpreted as the manifesto of a policy; it is a mere declaration of discontent. Apparently he has declared his sympathy with every delegation that waited upon him for any purpose, and M. DE LESSEPS is reported to assume the credit of the result, because he marshalled the Panama Canal stockholders as a contingent of voters for the candidate whom the government opposed. The Legitimists supported him, and also LOUISE MICHEL. The Bourbons of French politics and ROCHEFORT were allied in the cause of BOULANGER. The election seems to have been a wild political revel, with BOULANGER as the Lord of Misrule. As nobody pretends to know what the election means beyond discontent, nobody predicts its result. The "cry" of BOULANGER was revision of the Constitution, not by the present Legislature, but by a constitutional convention. In raising this cry he declared strongly for the Republic. But what a convention would do nobody can foretell. If it should decide that France wanted no more republic for the present, but demanded a dictator or king or emperor, probably BOULANGER would bow to the sacred will of the people, nor refuse the crown if the most sweet voices of his fellow-citizens required him to wear it, which is by no means certain.

The history of France for the century which ends this year shows how completely the cancer of Bourbonism had corroded the nation. The sanguinary anarchy of the Revolution was the logical result of the abuses of power. It was an argument against royal rule, not against the Republic. The formal and nominal establishment of a republic was inevitable, but Bourbonism had made a true republic impossible. For a hundred years France has been vainly striving to find a stable political foothold, and the country seems almost as far from it as ever. An Empire, a Bourbon monarch, a Citizen King, a President, another Empire, a Commune, another President, have all ended in a great vote which nobody can explain for an adventurer whom nobody respects. It is a situation which the people of happier lands must watch with pity and sympathy. The marvel is the resilience of the nation. After apparent exhaustion it paid its enormous debt to Germany, and it increases steadily in prosperity. It is gaining meanwhile what is indispensable to true popular government, the practice of parliamentary control, and with it a degree of self-restraint which prevents the old bloody excesses. Whether these can enable the country to withstand the convulsions of inconstancy, which seem to be almost periodic, time only can decide.

THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE IN NEW YORK.

THE strike of the employés of the surface railroads in the city of New York is the repetition of a familiar incident. Experience proves that there is no want of sympathy with employés whenever it is shown that they are harshly treated. There is a general appreciation of their disadvantage in any contest with a strong corporation which naturally produces consideration for them. But whatever justification strikes may have, it cannot be assumed, because it is not true, that they are always justifiable. In the present instance the plea is that the railroad companies refuse to treat with officers of a union as the representatives of their employés. But that is something which the companies have an unquestionable right to do, and the refusal is not of itself a good reason for great bodies of employés to refuse to work, causing their families to suffer, injuring the public, and endangering their future chances of employment.

Intelligent employés must see also that the companies may rightfully decline to treat with representatives who are of bad character, and whose pecuniary interest it is to make trouble between the companies and the men. The right of employés, as of employers, to combine to advance their interests is unquestionable. But the right of the employers to insist upon dealing directly with their men is equally unquestionable, and it is so reasonable that it carries public approval and sympathy with it. In the present instance, if the men felt justified in demanding fresh terms of the companies, and knew that the companies would treat with them directly, but not through intermediaries from the outside, the sensible course was to deal directly. But to strike in order to force the companies to treat with disreputable agents, and in striking to annoy the public and to stimulate disorder, is justly to forfeit public sympathy.

There is nevertheless a feeling of profound pity for the multitude of employés who are dragged into such strikes against their own wishes and the welfare of their families, and who are practically terrorized by those whom they obey. The inevitable result is to cover labor unions with suspicion, and to prevent the good understanding which is most desirable between employers and employed. Such leaders as instigated the strike of two years ago and the present strike necessarily discredit any movement. They cannot prevail against the law and against that public opinion which is the final strength and support of law, and the true friends of the men who have been "ordered out" are those who hope that the results of the strike will teach all employés that blind obedience to unworthy leadership is not an American way of success.

A HYSTERICAL PREACHER.

The annual report of the Executive Committee of the New Haven Civil Service Reform Association, alluding to the remark of Senator Ingalls that if there are 40,000 Democratic office-holders on the 4th of March, they ought all to be removed before sunset to make places for Republicans, says:

> "That such an anachronism should actually preside over the deliberations of the Senate may well excite surprise, and make the friends of reform feel that it is only by constant agitation and constant pressure that any advancement can be made. Fortunately the American people are gifted with a keen sense of humor, which solves many difficulties, and the picture of a nineteenth century George III. holding high office in a great republic, and hysterically preaching the sentiments of the last century, must make an appeal to this sense of humor which makes argument superfluous."

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER.

We publish with pleasure a letter from a Democratic friend of Mr. John Wanamaker, who speaks of what he knows personally to be facts, with the friendly purpose of correcting "the current aspersions against the eminent Philadelphian." With no imputation whatever upon either the character or ability of Mr. Wanamaker, we have expressed the opinion that except for the fact that he subscribed and raised large sums of money for campaign expenses, he would not have been thought of by General Harrison or by anybody else for a place in the cabinet. Our correspondent takes exception to this view, and makes an argument for Mr. Wanamaker which is at least deserving of candid consideration. Mr. Wanamaker is certainly fortunate in the character of his advocate, and we should be glad to see him accorded the opportunity to make a detailed statement of the expenditure of the money raised by the Business Men's Advisory Committee, which he evidently desires.

> "New York, *February* 2, 1889.
>
> "*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*
>
> "Having the fullest confidence in your desire to get at the truth in regard to all matters of public concern, I venture to offer some suggestions which may tend to modify the judgment expressed in Harper's Weekly upon the career and character of a gentleman who has been much discussed of late in connection with a place in the cabinet of the incoming President. I refer to Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia.
>
> "Mr. Wanamaker's position in Philadelphia is a unique one. He is and has been for years more intimately associated with great public movements in that city, whether of an industrial, philanthropic, or educational character, than any other man who could be named. It was he who raised the first $100,000 toward the fund out of which grew the Centennial Exhibition. He was for many years the Secretary and for years afterward the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, giving frequently large sums to replenish its treasury. I can recall his gift of $50,000 to this institution, and I know of many other contributions, amounting in the aggregate to a large sum, which he has made when necessity demanded them. He has been and is on the directorate of banks, railroads, and insurance companies, and his salutary influence and wise counsels are constantly in request by fiduciary and philanthropic associations of the most diverse origin.
>
> "Mr. Wanamaker has never been a mere figure-head in any enterprise with which he has been connected. No board of directors has known him as any other but a leading spirit in its deliberations. And in addition to all this he has created a business which in magnitude or variety has no rival in the United States, of which he continues to be the active head and guiding spirit.
>
> "That a man who is just fifty years of age, and who, starting in 1860 with very humble financial resources, should by his own efforts have achieved results which would be marvellous had they required twice the number of years, must possess ability of a very high order, needs no demonstration.
>
> "Whence, then, arises any incapacity to assume the duties of whatever administrative position President Harrison may invite him to occupy? It has been stated, tending apparently to his discredit, that he gave a very large sum toward defraying the election expenses of his party, and by his own efforts raised a fund of unheard-of dimensions. The amount of his personal contribution has been placed at $50,000, and that of the fund disbursed by the committee of which he was the head at $400,000. I can state on the most unimpeachable authority that Mr. Wanamaker's entire personal contribution to the campaign was $10,000, and that all the money he was instrumental in raising was $80,000. I cannot presume to fix the point at which a subscription for political purposes becomes indecently large, but I know of men who in proportion to their means gave much more liberally to the campaign fund of the Democratic party than Mr. Wanamaker did to that of the Republican. I myself must plead guilty to having contributed a sum considerably less than $10,000 to aid in the reelection of Mr. Cleveland, but from what I know of Mr. Wanamaker's resources I should say that his subscription toward General Harrison's election might have been $30,000 and still have been relatively much smaller than mine given to the other side.
>
> "What is perhaps more to the purpose is that I am able to repeat with absolute certainty the statement that Mr. Wanamaker has a voucher for every dollar which his committee disbursed, and that not a scrap of its records has been destroyed. Knowing these things, there seems to me to be a manifest injustice in the newspaper ridicule which has been cast on the idea of Mr. Wanamaker being a member of President Harrison's cabinet, and in the prevalent newspaper assumption that such an appointment could come to him only by purchase. The fact seems to have been lost sight of that Mr. Wanamaker's contribution of time and energy counted for a good deal more in the campaign than the amount of his check. From about September 15th to the night of the election he devoted himself to the active work of his party to the neglect of his business interests. I do not propose to argue that this should give him any special title to 'recognition' at the hands of the President whom he helped to elect, but I feel sure that had he been an orator stumping the country in the Republican cause there would have been less disposition to discredit his fitness to be the head of one of the great departments of the Federal government. And yet his most virulent assailants are those who are loudest in their protest against the admission of any qualification save that of business capacity for the discharge of the executive duties of a public office.
>
> "Mr. Wanamaker is now on his way to Europe, but his stay there will be very brief. I am sure that on his return he will be ready, as he has always been, to answer categorically any question put to him in regard to his connection with the campaign by any conspicuously fair-minded public man whose reputation and character afford a guarantee of the perfect good faith of the inquiry. As I write this I recall the noble and thoughtful address lately delivered by Mr. Carl Schurz before the Commonwealth Club, and I have no doubt that were Mr. Schurz to address Mr. Wanamaker with the view of discovering the exact truth about his relations to the expenditures of money in the late campaign, he would elicit a reply calculated to satisfy every unprejudiced man that the current aspersions against the eminent Philadelphian are absolutely groundless." Merchant.

FREE READING.

The New York Free Circulating Library continues most actively and intelligently its beneficent work, and has just issued its ninth annual report. There are now, besides the main library in Bond Street, three branch libraries—one in Second Avenue, one in West Forty-second Street, and one at Jackson Square in West Thirteenth Street. The last two have been opened during the last year, and the demand for books shows the great need of such institutions. During the year in all the libraries the total circulation has been 320,695 volumes, an increase of nearly a hundred thousand over the previous year, which is unexpectedly large, while the fact that of all these volumes only six have been lost, and in the Bond Street library only one volume in a total circulation of 99,016, is a striking proof of the respectful care with which the books are treated.

The essential value of such an enterprise needs no argument with those who are best able to help it. The generosity of its friends has been great, and to such generosity the libraries and their care are largely due. The service of the officers is a labor of love, and thus far it has been conducted with remarkable constancy and intelligence. But the necessary expenses of maintenance are of course large, and they constantly appeal to the same generous public spirit which began and has thus far prosecuted the work.

This appeal is but one form of that which is incessantly made, and which incessantly must be made, to the more prosperous and fortunate part of the community. The Free Library has no method of bringing itself before the helping public but in such paragraphs as this. Its responsibility is great, for an unwise selection of books might be productive of serious mischief. But it is a responsibility which has been met with great wisdom. There is no effort to stimulate the desire of reading by pandering to a demoralized or trivial taste, but to cheer the reader by the selection of those books, of which there are plenty, which are not only attractive and interesting, but useful. It is a noble form of charity, and any one who would aid it may address himself to the Treasurer, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, at 49 Bond Street.

THE SAMOAN AFFAIR.

The tone of Senator Sherman's remarks upon the Samoan affair, like his speech last summer about our relations with Canada, is so temperate and so wise as to deepen the regret that there is little probability that he will be General Harrison's Secretary of State. So far as can be ascertained, the only definite agreement that the United States have made is the treaty of 1878 with the Samoan government, by which we acquired the right to a coaling station, and engage to use our good offices to adjust differences with other nations. There is no treaty or engagement to intervene to secure the autonomy of the islands, in which our commercial interest is very small.

Mr. Sherman said that the first thing to be done, and to be done at once, is to assert our right to possess and occupy Pago-Pago for a coaling station. That would need no war. The mere assertion of the right, the spending of money in Pago-Pago, the storing of coal, and the calling there of vessels are far more influential assertions of power than protocols and diplomatic correspondence. It is not necessary to menace any one. Straightforward and manly negotiations should be entered into between the three governments, and if some mode of government could not be agreed upon for Samoa it would be a disgrace to our civilization and our Christianity. So far there was nothing that would justify a breach of the peace by either power until every possible effort had been made to settle the difficulties peacefully.

That is a very reasonable statement, and to such a course nobody could object. Having thus availed ourselves of our unquestioned rights under the treaty, we should, in Mr. Sherman's opinion, proceed to fulfil our obligation to use our good offices to settle the Samoan troubles, which he believed would be speedily accomplished. This is the view and the temper of wise statesmanship, just as Senator Cullom's talk of not permitting ourselves to be "brickbatted" off the islands is merely mischievous. There is probably no statesman living who has a more profound conviction that the United States are not to be brickbatted with impunity than Bismarck.

If the real interests of this country should seem to require that in view of the possible future opening of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien and an increased Pacific traffic we should obtain control, or prevent any other power from obtaining control, of the Samoan Islands, it will involve a radical change of policy. Our government hitherto has avoided both entangling alliances and colonial extension, and it will not modify that policy without careful consideration. So far as yet appears, no right of the United States in the Samoan Islands has been violated or even questioned. The due protection of American citizens and of the American flag has not been challenged. It is alleged that Germany agreed with the United States and Great Britain to maintain the autonomy of the islands. But no such agreement has been produced. Whatever may have occurred, neither our treaty rights nor any common agreement as yet known to exist have been violated. There is evidently no *casus belli* now visible.

A RACE QUESTION.

A correspondent in Texas asks what is meant by the race question, which attracts so much attention. He thinks that he understands what is meant by the question of the Indians and of the tariff, but he has no light upon the other.

> "In western Texas, where this is written, we have a mixture of peoples—Germans, Mexicans, Bohemians, Polanders, etc.—but we have no war of races. On the contrary, all live in harmony. Each class has its school, its church, its own social institutions. In the town where this is written the best school building belongs to the colored people; the teachers are colored and the pupils belong to that race. The next best building belongs to the German community, is managed and taught by Germans, and is patronized by those who use that language. These schools derive support from the public-school fund. Now in voting the colored man exercises the same liberty as his white neighbor; the laws make no distinction between them; the provisions for education apply equally to all. Texas has an excellent Normal Institute for colored teachers, and the colored children throughout the State share equally with others. Indeed, through the aid furnished by the Peabody and the Slater funds, the colored youth have superior advantages, and the whites cheerfully concede to the negroes all that the Constitution and laws allow them. What is this much-discussed race question anyway?"

The picture of harmony drawn by our correspondent is very agreeable; but if the town is an aggregation of distinctive English, German, Mexican, Bohemian, and Polish communities, and not an American town in which the common aim, so far as possible, is to merge every nationality, language, and sympathy in the American, it is not a promising situation. Elsewhere, as in South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi, the race question is one which is expressed in the familiar phrase that white supremacy must be maintained. If our correspondent is familiar with the annals of the Moses régime in South Carolina, and with the fact of the sudden political enfranchisement of slaves where in some States and districts they were a majority, and is further acquainted with the condition of such communities, he will understand that there is a very serious question involved, which is none the less serious because there is no summary and peremptory way of answering it.

There must necessarily be such a question if in any district a decided majority of legal voters of a particular race are, as Mr. Bryce says in his *American Commonwealth*, conceded to be unfit for the franchise, and are practically excluded from the exercise of their power. It is a question which will not be settled by saying that nothing is necessary but to provide a free vote and a fair count. Neither of the great parties has been able to secure that solution. An army in every State would not secure it. Upon reflection our Texas friend will see that there is a race question which is not yet settled, but for the settlement of which we must look to time and moral influences and local action rather than to national laws.

PERSONAL.

The last of the royal line of the Mohegans in Connecticut has passed away in the death of Samson Brushell. He lived near New London, and he was dissipated and shiftless. There was nothing about him, in fact, to indicate his royal ancestry, his accomplishments being confined to whistling two tunes at one time and to dexterous shooting with a bow and arrows, while he gained a precarious living by plaiting baskets. Still he expressed the wish that at his death flags in the neighboring cities and towns might be displayed at half-mast on account of his high Indian rank, and he was buried in the royal cemetery on the Mohegan reservation.

—The recent death of Vicar-General Patrick Healey at Chicopee, Massachusetts, by apoplexy, was made doubly tragic by the sudden termination, from the same disease, of the life of Dr. William G. Breck, who had been called from Springfield in consultation on the case. Dr. Breck was the leading physician of western Massachusetts, and his professional skill had given him a reputation not confined by the borders of his State.

—Alexander Pope, a Boston artist, has had an eloquent tribute paid to him by a game-cock. He painted the bird so naturally that it became excited when shown the likeness, and with beak and spurs destroyed the picture.

—Josiah H. Hulett and his wife, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, were known as the oldest married couple in New England till Mr. Hulett died the other day. They were both of them born in 1791.

—General Albert Pike, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, is by station and study the most prominent Freemason in the United States. He fought in both the Mexican and rebellion wars.

—A nun in a Quebec convent sacrificed herself recently to save a child who was being run down by a careless coasting party. She threw herself before the sled, and the child was unhurt, but the nun lost an eye and received other serious hurts.

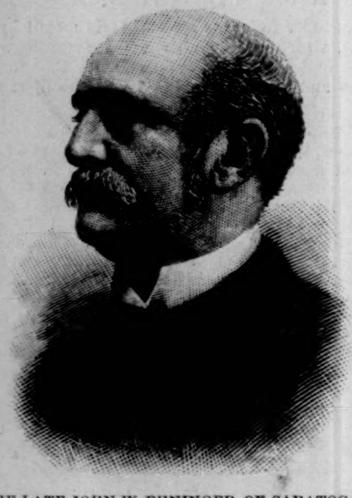
—The first woman preacher to be licensed by the Methodist Church South is a Mrs. Webber, of Springtown, Arkansas, whose husband is also a preacher. The innovation has caused quite a stir in Southern Methodist circles, and will probably result in the passage of a law making women eligible for holy orders.

—Rev. Dr. Charles Goodrich, one of three Episcopal ministers in New Orleans who in 1862 were taken from their pulpits by soldiers and banished to Fort Lafayette, New York, by order of General B. F. Butler, for omitting in their services the prayer for the President of the United States, has just died at New Orleans. He was rector emeritus of St. Paul's Church, which he founded in 1838, and it is an interesting fact that he was graduated from Middlebury College, at Middlebury, Vermont, and studied theology for three years in the same town.

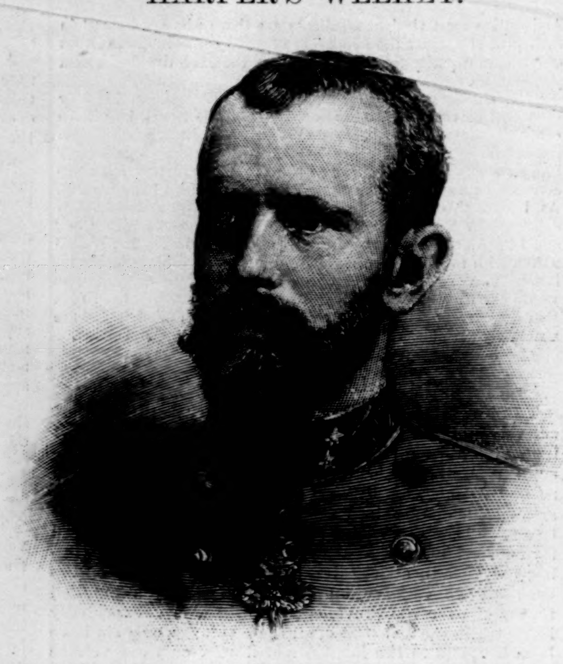
—Richard H. Clark, the Philadelphia banker, possesses one of the most costly sets of books in this country. Originally Motley's nine-volume edition of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, it has grown by the insertion of some two thousand five hundred portraits, engravings, autographs, and maps into twenty-nine volumes, which are said to have cost their owner $50,000, and are still incomplete.

—The largest individual tax-payer in Boston is Frederick L. Ames, who pays $40,375 on $3,013,100 of real estate.

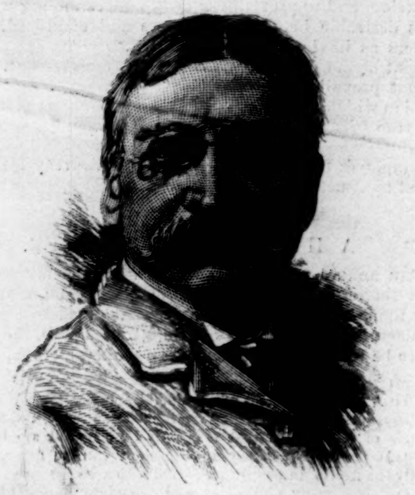
—One of the most conscientious of dietarians and vegetarians was Joseph Garretson, of Cincinnati, who died recently at the age of eighty-one. He had abstained for sixty-two years from tea or coffee, for fifty years from meat, and for twenty-six years from salt. All kinds of grease, he claimed, were injurious to the human system, fried meat being his *bête noire*. In his later years his fussiness extended to cooking himself all the food he ate, and whenever he travelled he took along with him his peculiar preparations. Water was his principal drink, although he sometimes dissipated with a lemonade.



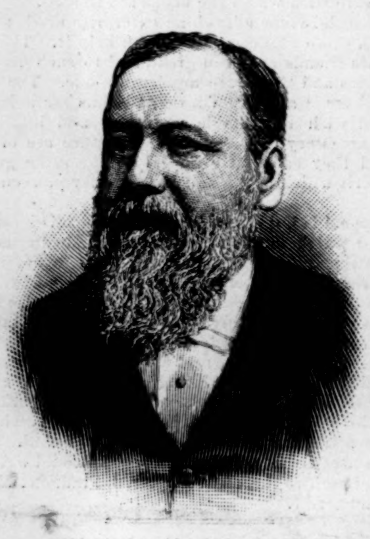
THE LATE JOHN W. EHNINGER, OF SARATOGA.



THE LATE CROWN-PRINCE RUDOLPH, OF AUSTRIA.—[See Page 114.]



THE LATE HUGO FRITSCH, OF NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Dana & Hastings.



THE LATE CHAS. A. B. SHEPARD, OF BOSTON.

CHARLES A. B. SHEPARD.

In the death of **Charles Augustus Billings Shepard**, the book-publishing trade of America has lost one of its most familiar and popular members. Mr. **Shepard** was several months short of sixty years of age. He was born on October 18, 1829, at Salem, Massachusetts. He found his first employment in a grocery store. This he did not retain for long, however, preferring to abandon it for a place in the bookstore of **John P. Jewett**. Mr. **Jewett**'s name will live longest probably because of its place on the title-page of Mrs. **Stowe**'s *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, of which he was the first publisher. He brought out this work after he had removed to Boston, to which place young **Shepard** accompanied him.

Mr. **Shepard** was a boy of fifteen when he entered the employ of Mr. **Jewett**. As the year of his removal to Boston was 1849, he had been just forty years a citizen of that town. After six years of service in Boston he set up an establishment of his own under the firm name of **Shepard, Clark, & Co.**, which afterward became **Shepard, Clark, & Brown**. He had embarked on this venture at an unfortunate time. Two years later the financial panic of 1857 was at hand, and **Shepard, Clark, & Brown** was one of the houses to which it brought disaster. But after the lapse of five years Mr. **Shepard** started in business again, having for his partner Mr. **William Lee**. The house of **Lee & Shepard** was thus founded. Mr. **Lee** was already known in Boston as a book-seller. He had retired some months before from the house of **Phillips, Sampson, & Co.** This house has its name associated with some of the foremost literature produced in those years in New England. Several of **Emerson**'s volumes bore their imprint, and it was they who brought out the early numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

JOHN W. EHNINGER, N.A.

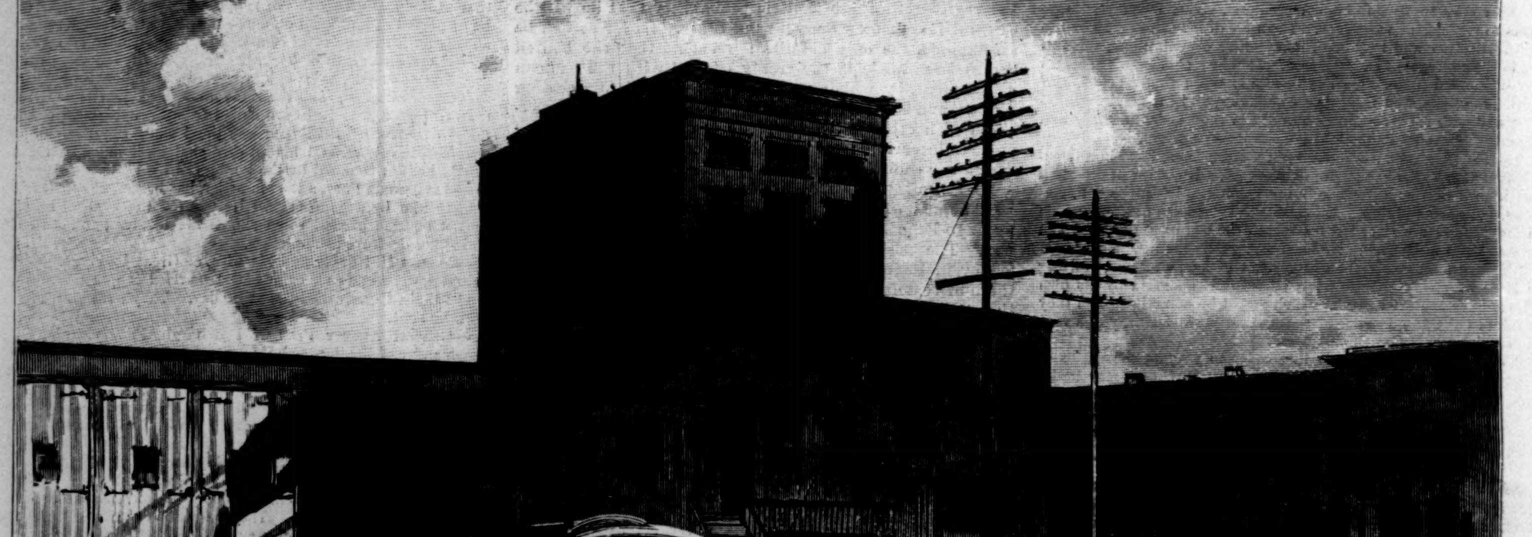
Mr. **John W. Ehninger** was a graduate of Columbia College; along in the forties he went to France, studied with **Couture**, the master of **William M. Hunt**, and other artists of mark, and roved to Düsseldorf and Munich, and to Italy as well. The National Academy elected him in 1860. He never held himself strictly to one line of subjects, but went from one to the other, showing talent in all, but never imposing his individuality on the public as the maker of a certain kind of painting. Perhaps the social qualities of **Ehninger** interfered with his advance; perhaps it was that he never felt the stern lessons of poverty. He was at one time an extremely pleasing figure in society, a man of bright manners as well as brains, unencumbered by a wife. When advancing age, and the great changes which came over society in New York in the train of the civil war, and the suddenly made fortunes made the city no longer attractive, **Ehninger** fixed himself at Saratoga.

His artistic force was considerable, and showed itself best in black and white, particularly in crayon portraits, but more popularly in illustrations for books. It cannot be said that he will figure in the history of American art, but he had so many personal qualities that cause people enjoyment that his death is regretted more sincerely than the passing away of far abler men.

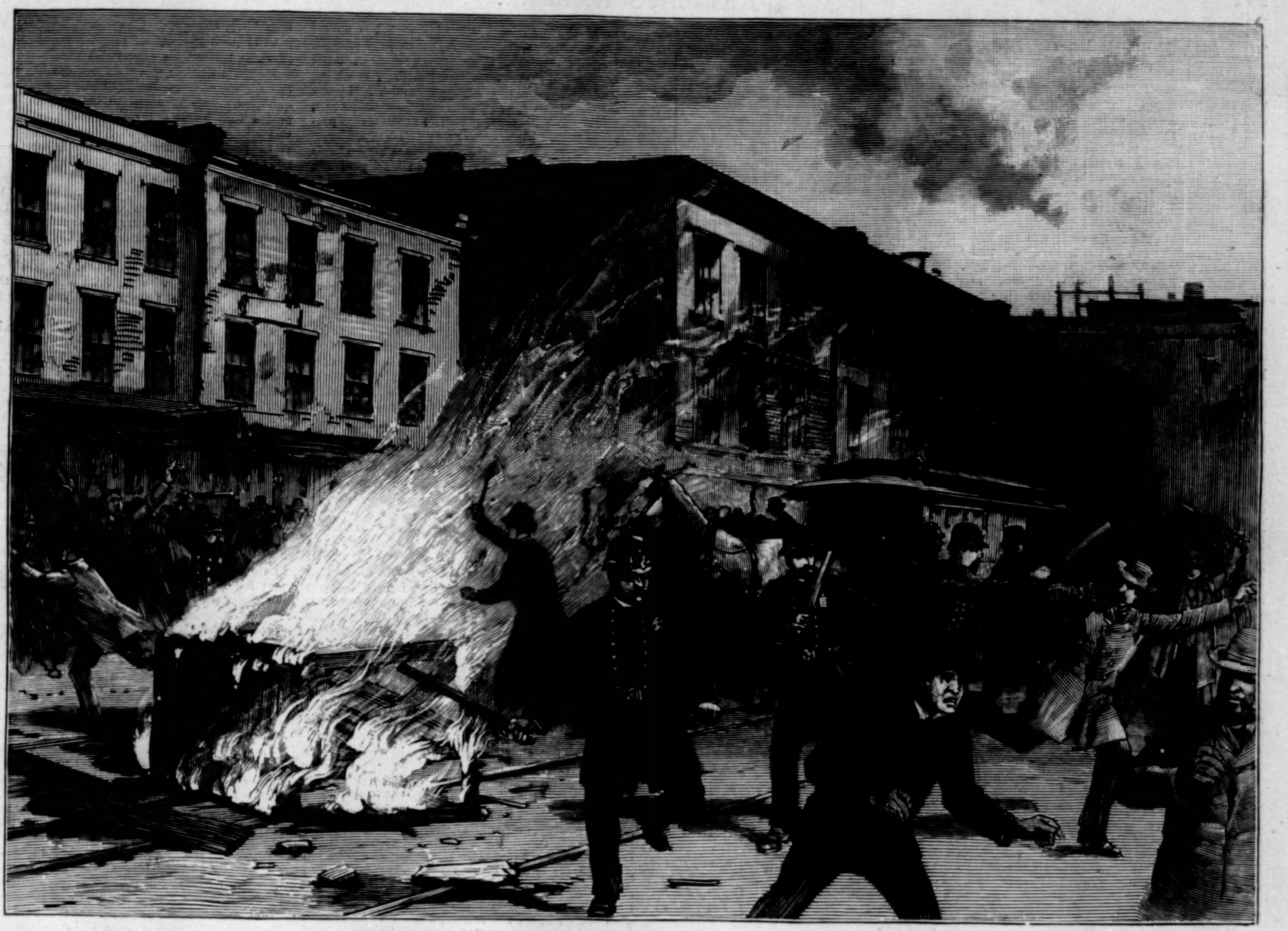
CHEVALIER HUGO FRITSCH.

The world of New York was well posted regarding the gentleman who died the other day at the house of Dr. **James T Gibert** in his character as patron of sport, but hardly realized that he occupied a rather important diplomatic position which brought him some years ago the title of Chevalier from the allied nations he represented.

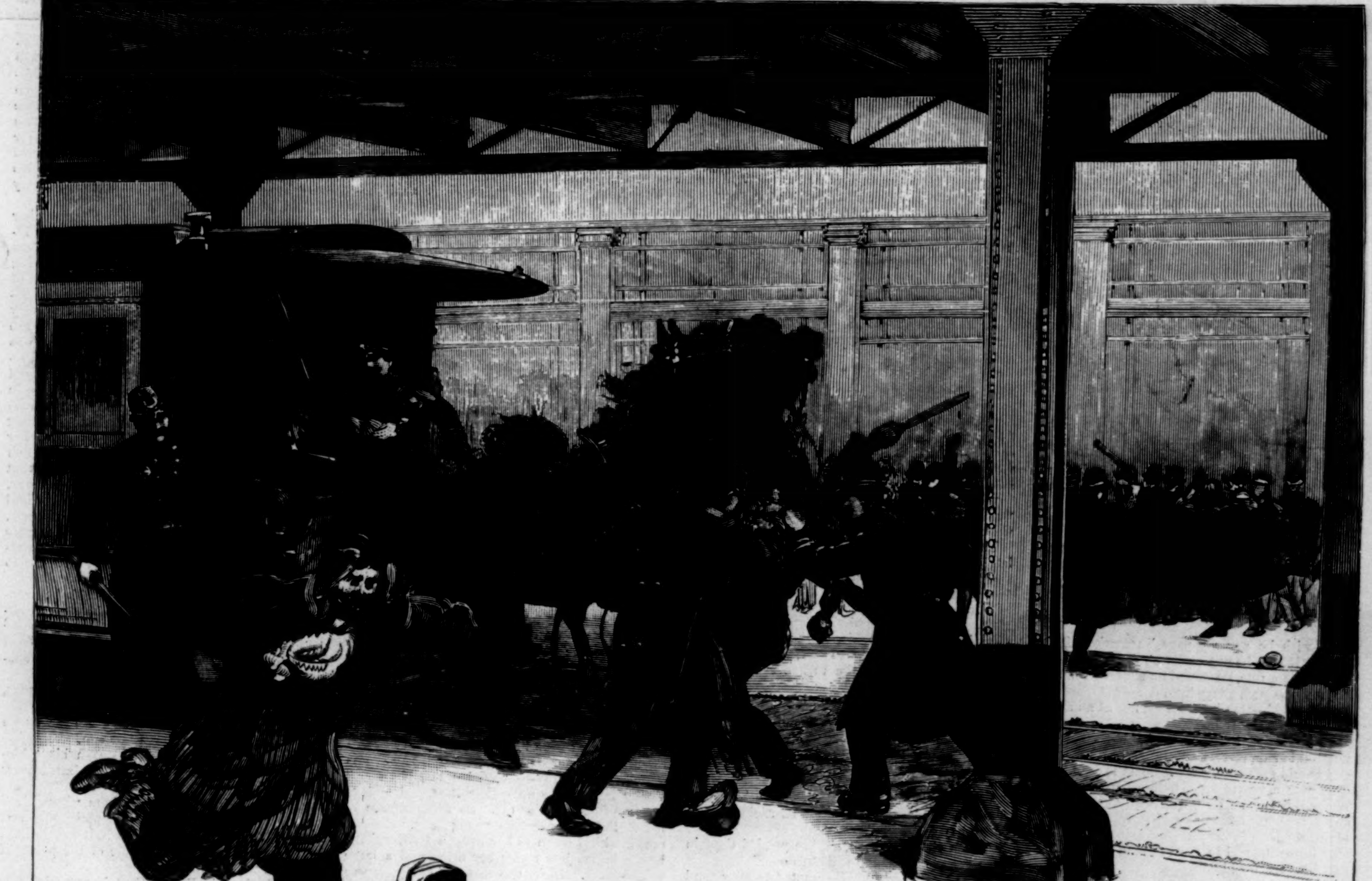
Mr. **Fritsch** was an Austrian, as his name might lead one to suspect, but more American than Austrian, because he came in 1859, at the age of sixteen, to this country, and has been here almost continuously ever since. As Mr. **Theodore Havemeyer** married the daughter of Mr. **De Lussy**, formerly Consul-General of Austria-Hungary in New York, it was natural that he should step into that place; and as the late Mr. **Fritsch** was nephew to Mr. **De Lussy**, equally natural that he should gain the post of Vice-Consul. In 1882 he married and took the consulship on the retirement of Mr. **Havemeyer**. His prominence as a whip and judge at horse-races and at horse-shows gave him constant notice in the press. It was while acting as judge of horses at the horse show in Buffalo that he caught a cold, followed by a relapse after exertions at the New York horse show, which developed into the disease that carried him off.



THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN BROOKLYN—STARTING THE FIRST CAR.—[See Page 107.]



A RIOT ON FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM & DURKIN.



STARTING A CAR ON THE SIXTH AVENUE LINE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

THE SEA FORTUNES OF DICKY CAREW.

The sun shone so bright in Portsmouth Harbor that afternoon that everything was gold and green and white except the black hulls of the ships and the great gray forts, out of which the guns sometimes bellowed warnings to Boney across the water. And right out in the golden light lay his Majesty's ship *Xantippe*, riding statelily at anchor, her taper masts and graceful spars, undisfigured by the nearness of hideous smokestacks, dipping slightly and proudly with the cadence of the waves. So clear was the water that the beautiful run of the frigate, marked by the broad white ribbon around her dark hull, was cast flickering upon the blue depths. But all the beauty and glory of sunlit harbor and white-walled town and sky and ships was as black as midnight to Dicky Carew when the dreadful summons came.

"Please, sir, the Captain wants to see you in his cabin."

When Dicky stood inside the cabin facing the Captain, stern, handsome, and as neat as wax, a sorrier-looking object than Dicky Carew would have been hard to find. His smart, gold-trimmed cap, which he held in his hand and twirled dolefully, had a big hole torn in the top, his jacket was white with dust, and right across his nose was a large black smut. Captain Sarsfield examined him carefully from the top of his tousled yellow head down to his unblacked shoes, Dicky blushing furiously all the while.

"A pretty spectacle you are, Mr. Carew, for an officer and a gentleman!" For although Dicky was only fifteen and barely five feet high, he was a middy and a gentleman.

Dicky said nothing, but continued to twirl his cap, while his eyes roamed uneasily around the Captain's orderly cabin. And there, sitting on a sofa, with a dolly in her lap, was a little dark-eyed girl dressed in mourning, who was watching Dicky with great interest.

"What have you been doing, sir, to get yourself in such a mess as you are?"

"C-c-catching cockroaches down in the hold, sir, with Barham."

"A nice employment for two young gentlemen. When I was a midshipman I employed my leisure in studying my profession."

"Yes, sir. That's what all the officers tell us. Barham and I are the only fellows I ever heard of that did anything but study their profession."

Captain Sarsfield looked very hard indeed at Dicky. Was it possible that this dirty and ingenuous youth was poking fun at a Post-Captain? But could deceit reside in those innocent eyes and that timid, boyish voice? The Captain was in doubt.

"At all events," he continued, with an appalling look at the smut on Dicky's sunburnt nose, "your appearance, sir, is disgraceful. I believe you are the dirtiest midshipman in his Majesty's service, and you will be docked of leave to go ashore for the next eight days."

The Captain was about to deliver Dicky a lecture, when an orderly tapped at the cabin door and saluted.

"The new cutter has come, sir, and is about to be taken aboard. Will you come and take a look at her?"

The Captain got up and went out without remembering to send Dicky back into the cockpit, where he belonged.

As Dicky continued to stand, hat in hand, he would certainly have boohooed right out if he had not been an officer and a gentleman. Dicky, when he remembered that, gulped down two large sobs that rose in his throat, and winked his eyes to keep the tears back. Was there ever another such unlucky fellow as he, Dicky Carew, he asked himself, dismally. There was Barham, that was just as busy with the cockroaches as he was, and yet Barham's jacket wasn't dirty nor his nose smutted, and if the Captain had sent for him he would have turned up as trig as the Captain himself. And how many times a week Dicky was mast-headed for untidiness, and how often had he ridden to London and back on the spanker boom for that same fault, only Dicky himself could tell.

While he was pursuing these melancholy reflections the little girl on the sofa had fixed her dark eyes on him.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"I'm dirty," answered Dicky, desperately. "I tub and scrub as much as any of 'em, but the Captain can't see what I am underneath, and he thinks because I'm dirty outside I'm dirty all over."

"The Captain is my papa," said Miss Bright Eyes.

"I wish he was *my* papa," remarked Dicky, sadly, "if he'd be any easier on me."

Girls, as a rule, possessed no charm for Dicky; but this was such a very little one—not more than ten years old—that he regarded her as an infant, and rather a pretty one.

"I'm staying in Portsmouth," she continued, nursing her dolly very carefully, "with my governess and my nurse. My mamma is dead. She died only a month ago—before papa's ship got here—and I come on board nearly every day to see my papa. Sometimes, if it rains, I stay all night. I have a funny little bed made up in papa's sleeping-cabin, and in the morning I get up and make his tea for him."

That story about her mamma went to Dicky's heart.

"And my mother got to Portsmouth this morning to see me, and she hasn't much money, and can only stay a week, and I can't go ashore to see her because I didn't keep my face clean and mussed my jacket."

"Why didn't you behave yourself, then?" promptly and severely asked his young friend. "Papa always behaved himself when he was a little boy like you."

This last very much incensed Dicky.

"Now look here, young lady," he said, "I'm an officer and a gentleman! Didn't you hear your father call me so just now? And if people in this ship call the officers 'little boys,' they'll get put in irons as likely as not. As for the officers behaving themselves when they were midshipmen, everybody knows they were angels—sea-angels—and the cockpit was a little heaven. Oh, they didn't catch cockroaches—not they! And all the time they weren't on duty they were studying or saying their prayers. And as for skylarking, why, they never heard of such a thing! I'll tell you what—eh, what's your name?"

"Polly," answered Bright Eyes.

"Well, Polly, it ain't true that 'whom the gods love die young'; for if it were, there wouldn't be an officer of this ship alive to-day. Barham and I ain't going to die young, though. The gods don't love us, nor the Captain neither."

"You oughtn't to talk so about dying," answered Polly, gravely. "You never had your mamma to die. Sometimes, when I've staid on board all night, I've waked up and seen papa sitting by me, looking so strange and sad, and I know he is thinking about mamma, although he says, 'Go to sleep, my dear, nothing is the matter!' and I can see the tears on his cheek; and my papa is a brave sailor too. He says he knows I ought to go to school, but he can't bear to part with me." This very proudly.

"I dare say," said Dicky, mournfully, "it will break my mother's heart when she has come all this long way to see me, and can't see me. And she will be sure to think I have done something scandalous. I know she will!"

This worked so upon Polly's feelings that she said,

"Come here, and I'll get some pictures and show you."

"I can't," answered Dicky. "I've got to stand here until the Captain comes back."

"Then I'll come to you," said Polly.

When the Captain got back he found Polly sitting on the floor, with her lap full of pictures, and Dicky on the floor too, explaining them to her. The Captain was quite in the cabin before Dicky heard a step. Then he jumped up, stood perfectly rigid, and blushed scarlet. It was bad enough to be caught at boyish tricks on the quarter-deck, which had sometimes happened, but to be found playing on the floor with a little girl was a reflection on his manhood. However, the Captain did not seem very angry. He only said, "You may go, sir, and don't let me have to speak to you again about your personal appearance!" and Dicky fancied he saw something like a smile on Captain Sarsfield's face. Dicky said, "Yes, sir," and bowed to the Captain, and then to the little girl.

"Good-by, Miss Polly," said he. It had been "Polly" and "Dicky" before the Captain came in.

"Ain't you going to give me a kiss?" asked Polly, in a surprised voice.

Dicky could get no redder than he was, but his hair almost stood on end, while he darted out and down the ladder, never stopping until he got to his own nook in the cockpit.

"Girls are deuced bothersome—damme if they ain't," he remarked to Barham—these young gentlemen, in privacy, swearing quite mannishly, and discussing the feminine sex with a great assumption of knowingness.

Up in the cabin, the Captain had said, "Polly!" in a reproving voice, and Polly had climbed up on his knee and kissed him, by way of answer.

"Do you know, papa, Dicky's mother is poor. She is the widow of an officer who was killed by that wicked Boney at the battle of the Nile"—for in those days Boney was supposed to command on sea as well as on land—"and Dicky was only ten years old, and his mother has come to Portsmouth to see him, and she can only stay a week, so Dicky won't be able to see her."

"Ah," said the Captain, stroking his little daughter's hair.

"And she is staying in a little gray house, the next but one to the gate leading into the great dock-yard. Papa, I would like to go to see Dicky's mother the next time we go ashore, and tell her that Dicky hasn't done anything very bad—because he says she'll think he has been very, very naughty—and tell her it's only because he is so dirty."

"We will go this afternoon," said the Captain; "and perhaps I may let Dicky off before the week is out."

The next day, as Dicky was rather disconsolately poring over a book on seamanship, another summons came to the cabin. Dicky was in perfect order, for a wonder, and looked considerably less frowzy and blowzy than he had the day before. When he entered the Captain's room the Captain was at the table, writing, and Polly, on her knees on the cushioned seat, was peering out of the port-hole; but she turned around when Dicky entered.

"Mr. Carew," said the Captain, sternly, "I hope I impressed upon you yesterday the necessity for absolute personal neatness in your attire. The punishment I gave you, however, I have concluded to partially remit. After to-day, you may go ashore when you can get leave."

"Thank you, sir," replied Dicky, blushing with pleasure; "and—and—Captain Sarsfield, I'm not—as dirty as I look."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," responded Captain Sarsfield, gravely. "Good-afternoon."

Still Dicky lingered. He wanted to say a word to Polly, but he couldn't do it, with the Captain's grave eyes fixed on him. So he only hung about for a moment, then said, "Good-by, Miss Polly," and vanished.

Dicky's mother was delighted to see him next day, and Dicky gave her such a bear-hug, as he sometimes did Barham, that his mother shrieked, while she laughed and covered his face with kisses.

"And, Dicky, such a dear little girl, all dressed in black, came here yesterday with her nurse! She was little Polly Sarsfield, the Captain's daughter, and she told me why you couldn't come ashore, and that the Captain, hearing I was here, had concluded to remit your punishment. I knew my dear boy wasn't punished for insubordination, or swearing, or gambling. If I thought that possible, it would break your mother's heart."

Dicky felt rather uncomfortable at his mother's supreme confidence in him, and was glad she didn't know everything that went on among the young gentlemen in the cockpit.

"And Polly is a jolly little thing," remarked Dicky. "Nothing but a baby, though."

"Polly will be a young lady by the time you are a man," answered his mother, who did not take Dicky's assumption of manliness seriously.

"Oh, pshaw!" remarked Dicky, with a blush.

II.

In those days, when England was at war with France and half of Europe, promotion was sometimes rapid; and when Dicky had not got very far in his twenties he had been gazetted three times, and actually commanded a little eighteen-gun brig, that carried as much manliness and courage as anything afloat. Dicky walked the deck of his little vessel, the *Hornet*, as proudly as Captain Sarsfield walked his splendid quarter-deck on his new seventy-four-gun frigate—the *Indomptable*, finer even than the old *Xantippe*. And Dicky had developed into a model of sailor-and-officer-like neatness, and kept his ship as clean as a lady's boudoir. And one bright day the *Hornet* came sailing into Portsmouth Harbor, her sails and rigging roughly patched where the shot had torn through, with holes covered with bright new planking in her black sides, with four of her guns shattered at their muzzles, but bravely towing a French sloop of war almost twice as big as the little *Hornet*. The Frenchman, too, could barely keep afloat, but he had ten good guns that Dicky had brought home in place of the four he had lost. And Dicky, seeing the great, big, splendid *Indomptable* anchored in the harbor, stood boldly in and dropped his anchor just astern of her. Dicky knew well enough who commanded the *Indomptable*.

Oh, what shouting and hurrahing there was when the people in the ships and those on shore made out the little *Hornet!* And what dipping of flags and waving of caps and cheering when the little vessel had come to anchor! And then, when Dicky, in a very small and shabby gig, with only eight men at the oars, and some of them with their heads or their legs bound up, was rowed to the Admiral's ship, there was more cheering and shouting, which made Dicky's heart swell.

That very afternoon, by the time Dicky had got back on board the *Hornet*, a gig very unlike the *Hornet's* gig put off from the big frigate, and presently Captain Sarsfield clambered up the side, and Dicky, looking very red and pleased, holding his cap in his hand very much as he had done when Captain Sarsfield sent for him to scold him about his untidiness and general naughtiness, received the Captain at the gangway.

"Let me congratulate you," said Captain Sarsfield, shaking his hand warmly. "What a trouncing you gave the mounseers to be sure! How you managed to keep afloat I can't see."

"We are badly knocked to pieces," answered Dicky, "and on that account I hope you will excuse the appearance of things. The ship isn't as clean as I'd like her to be."

The *Hornet* was, though, as clean as hands could make her, her brass-work shining and her deck snow-white, although some of her spars were in splinters, and things generally broken up. As for Dicky, he looked as if he had been parboiled and sand-papered and then hung out to dry, so clean was he; and he had the air of having just stepped out of a bandbox. Captain Sarsfield grinned at Dicky.

"You are certainly cleaner than you used to be," said he.

The Captain had to hear all about the fight off Cherbourg, where Dicky sailed in under the very guns of the forts, and made the Frenchman come out to fight, when, by sheer good seamanship, he kept on the port side of him, silenced his guns on that side, and stuck so close that the Frenchman could not shake him off, and then dashing right into him, although fearfully knocked to pieces, as Dicky said, grappled him and boarded him, while the starboard guns, although manned and shotted, never fired a round. Both the Frenchman and Dicky were too far gone to carry the prisoners back to Portsmouth. These had been transferred to another vessel, but Dicky had the Frenchman's captain and her ensigns and ten guns, which was good for Dicky.

Dicky was dying to ask Captain Sarsfield about Polly; but although he had been gazetted three times he was so afraid of the Captain that he could not get it out to save his life until just as Captain Sarsfield was leaving.

"And—how—how is Miss Polly?" asked Dicky, in a quavering voice, blushing furiously.

"Very well," answered the Captain, "and at present paying me a little visit. When you come to dinner to-morrow you will see her. She is quite a young lady—sixteen her last birthday." Young ladies grew up earlier then, and sixteen was considered quite old. So Dicky went, and found Polly a grown-up young lady, with full muslin skirts down to her heels, a short-waisted bodice belted just under her arms, and a large poke-bonnet. Dicky was very shy, but Polly was not, and rallied him unmercifully, even cruelly alluding to the smut on his nose, which she had remembered all those years. And then she told him she knew his mother, and often went to see her, which Dicky knew before.

Things were very pleasant about that time to Dicky; but then the war closed soon after, much to Dicky's disgust, who had wild dreams of commanding a fifty-gun sloop of war at least before Boney was finally done for; and Dicky saw, disconsolately enough, that he was well off to have got the little *Hornet*, and that he would not get anything better for a long while.

Meanwhile, Dicky had been making hay while the sun shone, and a day had come when he went on board the *Indomptable* to ask Captain Sarsfield a very important question indeed—which was whether Polly and himself could get married. Dicky was terribly frightened, but managed to appear tolerably self-possessed as he sat in Captain Sarsfield's cabin, although he could not help twiddling his cap desperately under the table. The Captain was as grave and stern as ever, and gave Dicky no manner of help while he was blundering and floundering about, trying to tell the Captain how much he loved Polly, although it was perfectly plain that Captain Sarsfield, or anybody with half an eye, for that matter, must have known directly what ailed Dicky.

Then Dicky told the Captain that he had a snug sum of prize-money put by, which should be Polly's, and the Captain had said that Polly was not quite dowerless, and the whole thing was arranged, Captain Sarsfield shaking Dicky's hand formally, and wishing the young couple might be as happy as he and Polly's mother had been, long years ago. And for a wonder, Captain Sarsfield appeared to think that perhaps Polly and Dicky might have something to say to each other, and considerately stalked up and down the quarter-deck for a full hour, while the young ones had a rapturous interview in the cabin. When Dicky got back to the *Hornet*, he sent for Barham, who was his First Lieutenant, and they hugged each other and danced round in the cabin very much as they had done when they found amusement in catching cockroaches in the old *Xantippe*.

Polly and Dicky were to be married in the spring. Dicky was cruising about the English Channel, getting into Portsmouth for a few days every month, where the *Indomptable* was lying awaiting her turn to be overhauled and repaired, for she too had got a shot or two from Boney before he got away to Elba.

One bright day in spring, as bright as the one on which Dicky first met Polly, the *Hornet* was coming into Portsmouth. There was a spanking breeze from the sea, that tossed the white-caps high, and the little *Hornet* was staggering along under all the sail she could carry. Now, although French ships had begun to appear again in English ports by that time, they were rather unusual; so Dicky, who was on the bridge of the *Hornet*, was rather surprised to see a big French frigate, the *Alceste*, sailing slowly out of the inner harbor. She was a fine ship, but she was sailing like a hay-stack, one mile ahead and three miles to leeward. The passage into the harbor of Portsmouth is narrow—not more than four or five hundred yards across—and apparently the *Alceste* would take all the room there was, and considerably more if she could get it, to come out, and leave none at all for the little *Hornet*; but Dicky wasn't afraid of that. When it came to navigating a ship in a tight place, young Captain Carew was a match for any man who sailed the seas; but he was also a very courteous Captain, and was particular on meeting a French ship in English waters that the salute should be promptly returned—a thing the quartermasters in those days sometimes lagged about, but never on the *Hornet* when Captain Carew commanded her. So the quartermaster stood ready, with his hand on the lanyard, to dip the flag at the very instant the *Alceste* should salute.

But the *Alceste* seemed in no hurry to show her manners. The fresh breeze that flapped her ill-set sails kept most of her people busy, the sailors climbing over the rigging with more chattering and noise than Captain Carew would have allowed on his ship in a month. From the way the *Alceste* was lurching about, it began to look very doubtful if the little *Hornet* could pass in in the narrow passage to the harbor, where it was plain they would meet; but Dicky Carew had no notion of shortening sail and hanging around outside until the Frenchman had got out. So in contrast to the great lumbering *Alceste*, the little *Hornet* came dashing on, without tacking, making about two miles to the *Alceste's* one, and her course as straight as the crow flies. The French Captain, who was also on his bridge, saw that the *Hornet* had no mind to stand out of his way, but he laughed as he looked at his own big hull and towering masts, and saw the little *Hornet*, whose mainmast was no higher than the *Alceste's* lower spars. And the French ensign flew steadily, and there was no quartermaster in sight to dip it.

Now Dicky could stand the *Alceste's* bad seamanship, but it didn't suit him to take the *Alceste's* snub, and then sit down and write to the Admiralty and complain about it. He had been used to teaching Frenchmen to behave themselves, and he meant to do so now.

"Barham," said he to his First Lieutenant, "the rascals don't mean to salute."

"Report 'em to the Admiralty as soon as we come to anchor," responded Barham.

"Wouldn't it be better to smash his cabin-windows, and splinter one of his starboard boats—eh?"

"Decidedly better," said Barham, whose blood was up too. "With such a lot of ploughmen and haymakers as they've got up aloft, it will go hard if the *Hornet* can't scrape some of the paint off his sides."

By this time the French Captain saw what was coming. The *Hornet* was skimming along, standing up beautifully to the breeze, and apparently making straight for the *Alceste*. In two minutes more she was right on his starboard quarter, and the French sailors began to yell. Barham had taken the wheel, and kept his eye on Captain Carew, when, as Dicky waved his hand, Barham threw up the helm, and the little *Hornet* scraped so close to the *Alceste* that the quartermaster, taking up a boat-hook, jammed it through the *Alceste's* cabin windows, bawling,

"Take that for yer manners, ye ornsightly lubbers!"

And then there was a crash—a boat on the *Alceste's* starboard was gone, and as the big frigate lurched across the yard of blue water between them, the little *Hornet's* tight, stanch masts struck the *Alceste's* lower spars, that were only half secured, and tore through the rigging as if it were a cobweb. In another minute the *Hornet* had danced off, her men cheering and jeering, while the French Captain fairly danced with rage, and shook his fist at Captain Carew, who raised his cap, and bowed and smiled politely.

Of course it was very wrong, and Captain Carew knew it, particularly when he saw the *Alceste* deliberately put about to return to Portsmouth. Dicky began to have dreadful visions of being obliged to go on the *Alceste* in full uniform, and make an apology to the French Captain, than which he would much rather have had an arm cut off.

But all this was forgotten when Dicky caught sight of the *Indomptable*, for Polly was still in Portsmouth, and not many days passed without the Captain's daughter coming on board the big frigate with her father for an hour or two. Polly loved the *Indomptable*, as she had done the old *Xantippe*, and was quite as much at home on her, although she no longer had a little bed in her father's cabin. Captain Sarsfield looked very serious when Dicky told him about it, and things generally began to look grave when the French Ambassador came down to Portsmouth and looked at the *Alceste*, and then took the French Captain back to London with him. And in a very little time indeed came the order for a court-martial, and young Captain Carew was ordered to turn his ship over to his First Lieutenant, and consider himself under arrest. What a stir it made! And the people all said, "If they break him for crippling a ship twice his size, without getting a scratch, they will have hard work finding another Captain who can do it; and if every man resented an affront to the British ensign like that, why, it never would be safe to affront it."

The Captains, sitting stern and solemn around the table in the Admiral's cabin, heard the whole story. In vain they tried to bring out that accident had something to do with it; but Dicky, cool and calm, declared openly that he had done it on purpose, and would do it again, to any man that did not salute the ensign flying on his Majesty's ship *Hornet*—if he could.

After a while Dicky came out, looking very white. He went on board the *Indomptable*, and was shown to the Captain's cabin.

"Captain Sarsfield" he said "I a ma ruined man. I have been dismissed the service of my country. I came to say that although I am not conscious of having done anything to disgrace my name, I can no longer ask your daughter to accept it."

Captain Sarsfield too was pale. He loved Dicky, but he could not bring himself to give Polly to a cashiered officer, and he said so. But just then Polly herself appeared, and marching up to Dicky, with blazing eyes, she put her hand on his arm.

"But I want to marry him, *and I will!*" she said. "He is the best sailor in the British navy, and if they cashier him because he can do what hardly anybody else can do, very well. Papa, I shall marry him."

Captain Sarsfield rubbed his eyes to see if he were awake or dreaming. Was this his quiet, gentle Polly? As for Dicky, his heart swelled, but he removed her hand gently from his arm.

"No, Polly," he said; "your father is right. I could not bring you down to be the wife of a man counted unfit to serve his king and his country."

"But I am not afraid of being poor," said Polly, with tears in her eyes.

"It is not that, my dear," answered Dicky, in a husky voice. "It is because I am broken—don't you see? I shall have to take off the uniform that I had hoped to wear as long as I lived. I shall have to either live in my own country as a discredited man, or carry my discredit with me to another country; no, Polly—"

"But I say I will!" answered Polly, fiercely.

"Good-by," said Dicky, taking her hand. "You are too generous; it would be cruel to take advantage of you, dear Polly."

The Captain had been standing there all the time. Both Dicky and Polly had forgotten him until he spoke.

"Now, Polly," said he, firmly, "this must stop. Carew is right."

"Well, then," said Polly, standing up very straight and bold, "he may refuse to marry me now; but I mean to let him know once a year that I am ready and waiting for him, until—until he finds somebody else."

"There's no danger of that," said Dicky, kissing her hand; "but you and I can never be married now, Polly."

Dicky did not go back to the *Hornet*, but went ashore and to an inn, where, calling for a private room, he sat and tried to look the thing in the face like a man; but he couldn't. His profession gone, his mother's heart broken, separated from Polly, no longer Captain Carew, commanding his Majesty's ship *Hornet*, but plain Dicky Carew, commanding nothing at all.

Oh, poor Dicky! How much easier would it have been to be killed in those sea-fights with Boney's ships! What was he to do? All night long Dicky sat up and walked the floor, and when day broke he was so haggard and miserable that he was ashamed to show himself. All day he sat in his little room; he would wait until nightfall before he took the coach for London. Disgraced men ought to hide themselves from the light of day. Toward evening, just as he was preparing to go out, a furious knocking came at his door. Dicky opened it, and there stood a functionary all in scarlet and gold—a king's messenger, so Dicky knew. The messenger, making a low bow, handed a packet to Dicky. "I was directed to deliver this into Mr. Carew's own hands," he said.

Dicky winced. It was the first time that he had been called "Mr. Carew."

Dicky broke the big red seal, and found two documents enclosed. One was a letter from the Admiralty, and this is what it said:

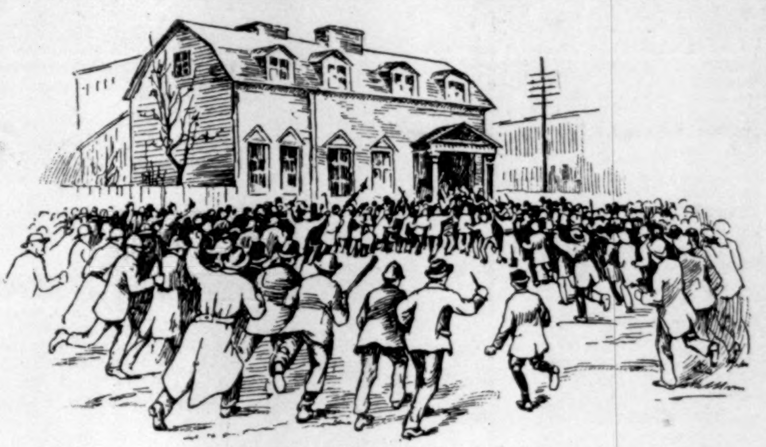
"*Richard Carew, Esq.:*

"Sir,—I am directed by the Lords of the Admiralty to inform you that the sentence of the late court-martial, finding you guilty of wilfully running into the French frigate *Alceste*, coming out of Portsmouth Harbor, on the 25th of March, has been submitted to his Majesty in council, and the decision of the court—viz., that you be deprived of your commission as commander—has been approved by his Majesty, without regarding the provocation you were under, or the great skill, daring, and capable seamanship you displayed on the occasion. But his Majesty herewith encloses you a commission under the royal seal as post-captain, and directs you to take command of his Majesty's ship *Hornet*, now lying in Portsmouth Harbor; and may all impudent Frenchmen be served like the *Alceste*, as long as British hearts of oak endure!"

And then followed signatures and seals. But Dicky could read no more; and although he was as brave a fellow as ever stepped, he fell down on his knees and cried like a woman or a baby.

Within a month Dicky and Polly were married. The day was beautiful and bright, and the little *Hornet* was dressed with bunting from rail to main-truck, and the wedding bells clashed so merrily that they were heard half across the water to Cherbourg.

M. Elliot Seawell.



THE MOB CHARGING ON A "SCAB."

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN STREET RAILROAD STRIKE.

The last tie-up of the surface roads, in June, 1886, was a disastrous one, and it made the men averse to trying another, though for some time past they have been at odds with the companies on the question of organized representation. The strike of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad employés in Brooklyn January 25th, on at first quite different grounds of complaint, precipitated the issue. On Tuesday morning, the 29th of January, eighteen car lines stopped operations in this city, and about 6000 men stepped out of their positions in support of the demand of the labor organization that representatives of the unions be recognized by the managers of the companies. The Atlantic Avenue Railroad system comprises eight lines, and the number of men on strike was 786.

The gist of the double dispute is as follows: The street railroad men in New York city demand $2 25 a day for "ten hours of work to be performed in twelve"—an expression which means that the time in which the cars shall be in motion shall be ten hours, and that the two hours over shall be counted in for waits, meals, and taking the car and its horses to the stable. But the principal grievance is that the companies refuse to recognize the committees of the Knights of Labor as mediators between themselves and the men; they will deal with the men directly or not at all. On the other hand, the demand in Brooklyn of the strikers is for $2 a day for ten hours' work to be performed in twelve—a demand which has been acceded to by every surface road in the city except those of the Atlantic Avenue Company, of which Mr. Richardson is the president. That company offers to compute pay by trips and parts of trips in such a way as to give $1 71 for ten and about $2 for twelve actual hours. Since the trouble began, the company has expressed its willingness to renew the contract which was in operation last year and the year before. The rejoinder of the men to this offer is that the company did not make it while negotiations were under way, and that the contract was construed by the Atlantic Avenue Company in practice differently from what it was by the other companies during the last two years, with results adverse to the employés. In New York the companies which have been tied up have, through their presidents, unitedly resolved to refuse to treat with the Knights' organization. In Brooklyn, at the last session there of the State Board of Arbitration on Monday, the 28th, the Atlantic Avenue Company, by General Tracy, its counsel, and W. J. Richardson, its secretary, said it would confer with representatives of its former employés, chosen directly by them, but not with the Executive Committee of the Knights. This places the Atlantic Avenue Company in line with the policy of the tied-up companies in New York, and on a different line from that of the other companies of Brooklyn.

On Wednesday some rough barricades were the chief feature of the street fighting in New York, with more than ordinarily stubborn resistance on the Belt Line, but nevertheless five tied-up lines ran sixty cars through by day. On Thursday many cars ran in New York, and there were few signs of trouble except at the Belt Line stables. The first car over the Broadway road since the beginning of the strike was sent out at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, and was soon followed by several others, little interference being offered. The drivers and conductors of the cars were all green hands, and after these successful trips the applicants for work at the office grew very numerous, and many men were employed. Cars were also run over the Sixth Avenue and the Grand Street and Cross-town lines.

In Brooklyn, where the tension between the company and its employés has been very bitter, no attempt was made to run a car until Thursday morning, January 31st, when two trips were run, with little interference, on the Atlantic Avenue Line as far as the Bridge and back to the stables. But the various stables of the company have been all along in a state of siege. Crowds of people, of which the strikers themselves formed but a small proportion, were collected around the approaches to the stables all day long and well on in the night, and it looked as if a riot would have resulted on the first attempt to send out a car. So perfect was the siege kept up that it was found almost impossible for the company to provision the men employed to guard the stables and care for the horses. On Monday afternoon the company conveyed ten men to the Fifth Avenue stables under an imposing police escort. They succeeded in getting through after a hot fight, which has been so far the only serious conflict in Brooklyn between the police and the mob.

HOW THE POLICE HANDLE A STRIKE.

When the disorder of the great car-drivers' strike was at its most riotous pitch, and clubs were flying through the air in a dozen places in the city, Superintendent Murray sat in his cozy office at Police Head-quarters, and smiled pleasantly when asked about the extra duty and fatigue which as a matter of course must devolve upon the police in times of riot.

"My dear sir," he said, in his peculiar soft voice, and with his usual easy, deliberate manner, "this strike could go on for six months without occasioning a single minute of extra duty on one member of the force excepting the Superintendent and the Inspectors. It is the common impression, I know, that the men are on duty night and day, and have to be in constant readiness at the stations; but that is all a mistake. A very simple arrangement of my own invention has done away with all necessity for such severe service. Of course there is no rest to speak of for me or my Inspectors. I have been on duty since four o'clock Tuesday morning, with only four hours' sleep, and have all my meals brought here. The Inspectors have equally long hours. We are practically on duty twenty-four hours a day. Some of the captains have, of course, extra responsibility, but those in whose precincts there is no trouble go on just the same as if there were no disturbance in the city."

"But how have you arranged it so well for the men?"

"To understand it you must know how the police force is organized. It is equally divided into two platoons and four sections, the first and second sections forming one platoon and the third and fourth sections the other. One platoon is off duty ordinarily each day, every man getting every other day to himself, but taking one-half of each night on duty, either from six o'clock till twelve or from twelve o'clock till six. Now at the time of the last long strike it became a question with me how to do all the necessary work without breaking my men down physically. After studying the thing carefully I decided to put one platoon on the extra work and the other on regular work, so, as it is now, the men who are attending to the strike are on duty every day, but are held in reserve at the station-houses every night. They really have less to do than if there were no strike. Of course that is because the companies are not trying at present to run night cars. There are 2500 patrolmen on the force, so I have 1250 men to cover all important points with."

"What plan do you follow in the distribution?"

"Each Inspector makes his head-quarters at some place where trouble is to be expected. Byrnes is at Grand Street and the East River, Conlin is at One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Street and Third Avenue, Steers is at Broadway and Fifty-first Street, and Williams is at the Sixth Avenue car stables at Forty-fifth Street. Each has a large force at hand, and a considerable reserve is held here, so that I may send to any point where help may be needed."

This somewhat dry detailed statement is of the utmost interest as showing the clock-like precision attained by the New York police force, and will indicate some of the reasons why cars were run in this city as often as the companies could man them and send them out, despite the determined opposition of a mob of strikers and their sympathizers.

One of the strongest of Dickens's pen-pictures is his description of the majesty of Law, personified in a single slender policeman overawing the most desperate criminals in their most secret haunts. It would need the pen of a Dickens to fitly describe the tremendous superiority of the stalwart bluecoats of New York to any mob they have ever yet encountered. It has never yet occurred that the angriest crowd has failed to scatter promptly before the onslaught of a squad of these men, armed as they are with clubs and revolvers, and the wonderful moral influence of legal authority.

"Have the men any special instructions governing their use of weapons in such emergencies as this?" was asked of the Superintendent.

"The regulations cover the ground," he said. "A policeman has full authority to use any necessary force in the discharge of his duties, and is never at liberty to use unnecessary force. It happens in consequence that a patrolman is very often obliged to settle questions of law on which courts disagree. I have known several instances in which a patrolman's action was sustained by the Court of Appeals after the General Term had condemned it. This is no light responsibility. A policeman may lawfully kill a felon who is escaping arrest, but if the man be not a felon, although the policeman believes him to be one, the killing is unjustifiable, and might be murder."

Inspector Williams, who is by reputation the most pugnacious policeman in New York, but who hardly deserves the implied reproach, was reported to have ordered his men last Thursday to "shoot to kill" in case the mob used clubs against them. Whether he really said this or not is disputed, but there is no question that any man who attacks a policeman with a weapon runs an excellent chance of forfeiting his life.

"The police are certainly justifiable in using their revolvers if they are attacked," said the Superintendent, in his softest and silkiest tones. He was as calm about it as if he were sending out for his supper instead of despatching a fresh wagon-load of a dozen men to help Inspector Steers to scatter a crowd. "Remember," he said to the roundsman who went in command, "I don't want the police driven back."

"No, sir," said the roundsman, as quietly as his chief.

"I am, sitting here," said Murray to the writer, "like a doctor with his finger on the patient's pulse, watching these wires and speaking-tubes and getting reports constantly of the exact condition of things all over the city. The means of communication, however, are very much behind the time. Our telegraph system was all that could be desired thirty-two years ago, but we have no telephone excepting a connection with the public system. This is likely to be better soon, for the Commissioners have $100,000 which has been appropriated to establish such electrical communications as may be needed, and they are experimenting now. We need more patrol wagons, for we only have five. The act of 1886 authorized us to get one for each precinct and four for Head-quarters; but the Board of Estimate and Apportionment ignored the law, and would not give us the money to get them, so we are still without them."

As he talked, an incident occurred which, more than any fracas in the whole strike, illustrated the power of the Police Department and the masterly grasp which the Superintendent has of his position. A committee of the strikers were ushered into his office, and made application for a permit for the strikers to parade in a body and march to the Mayor's office. It illustrated what the Superintendent had said about a policeman having sometimes to settle intricate questions of law. Every man on the committee was satisfied that the strikers had a constitutional right to do what was asked.

"You can't do it, and you know why," said the Superintendent. "No matter how well-disposed and law-abiding you may be, such a demonstration would be likely to provoke a disturbance at such a time as this."

"We could march down Broadway, where there are no cars running," said the spokesman; and Murray smiled quietly.

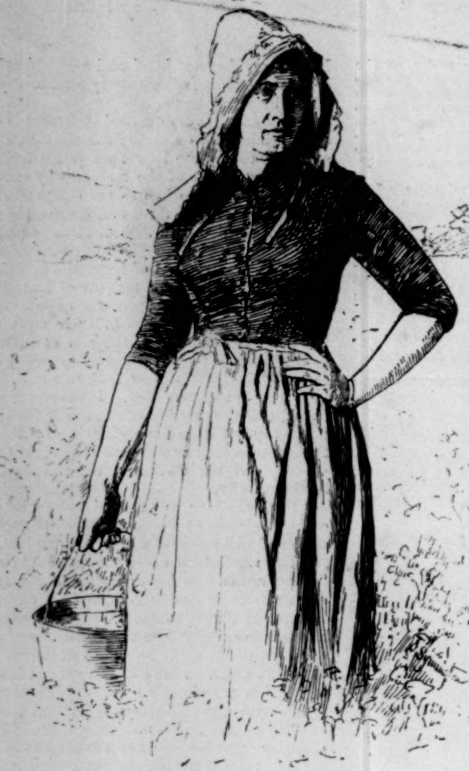
"You didn't know, then, that the Broadway cars are running again?" he said. And the committee were unable to conceal their surprise.

Then he asked whether the man who had stolen the switch plates from the Broadway road was a striker or an outsider who sympathized with the strike. This was because the committee claimed that the strikers had not been disorderly. They admitted that this man was a striker, but declared that the union knew nothing of his action until afterward.

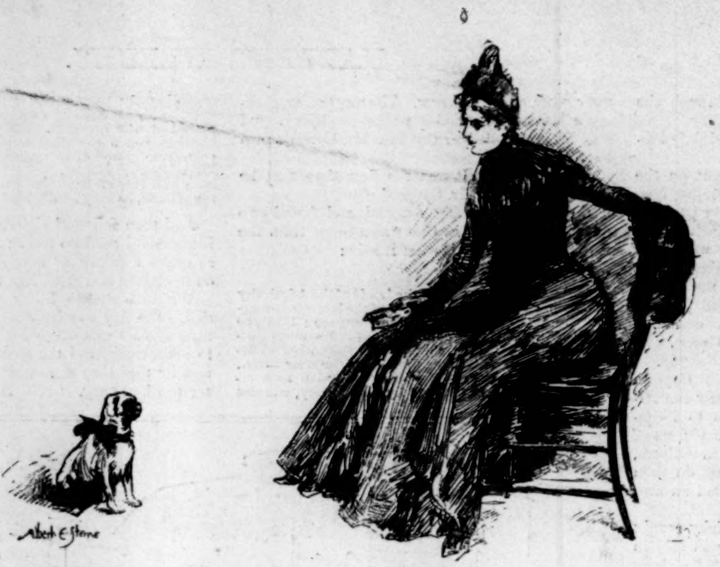
"Well, I know of it," said the Superintendent, still without raising his voice a particle, "and I will give you my word that he will go to State-prison for what he has done."

This ended the interview. He had made the impression that he desired to on the minds of the committee, and they left the room, showing by their manner that they realized having come in contact with a power that was far too strong for them to cope with.

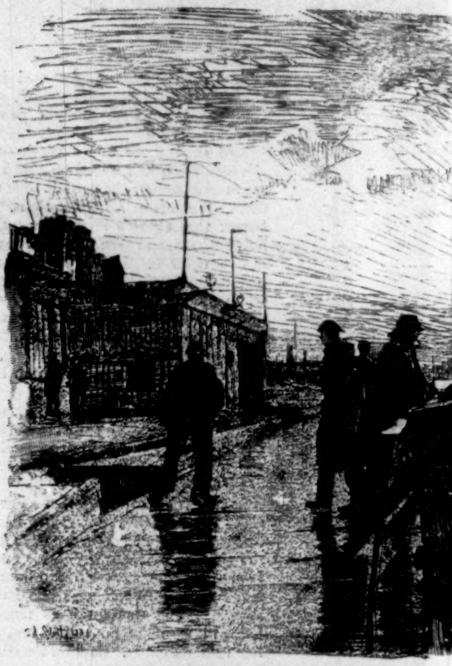
As the interview ended, the Superintendent pressed a button, and said to the attendant who appeared instantly, "Tell Johnson to take twelve more men up to Fifty-ninth Street. I think they need more help there. He may come back at once as soon as the trouble is over."



BETSY.—By James Symington.


Albert E Sterner

TOTTIE.—By Albert E. Sterner.



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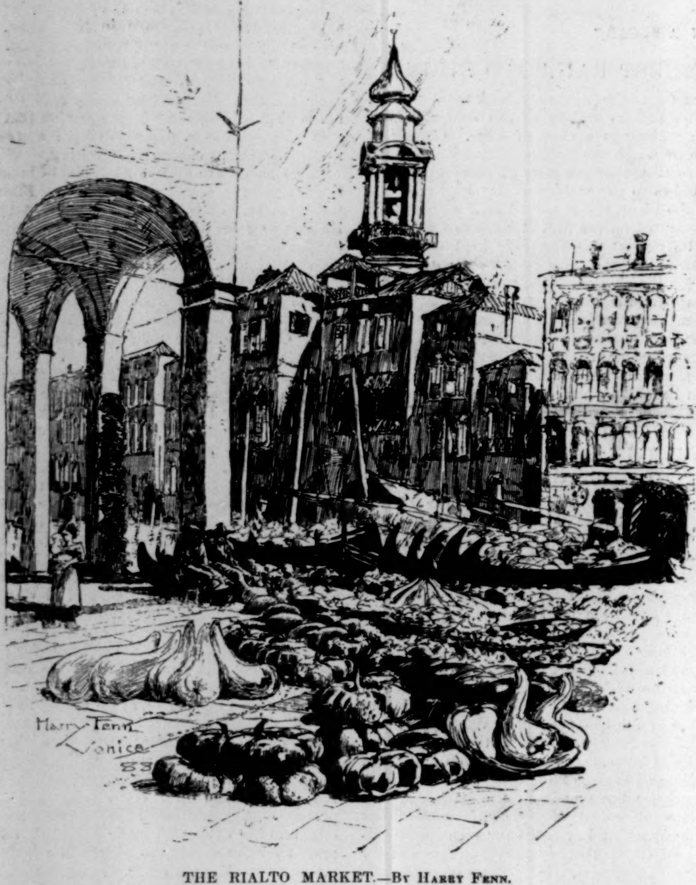
Harry Fenn
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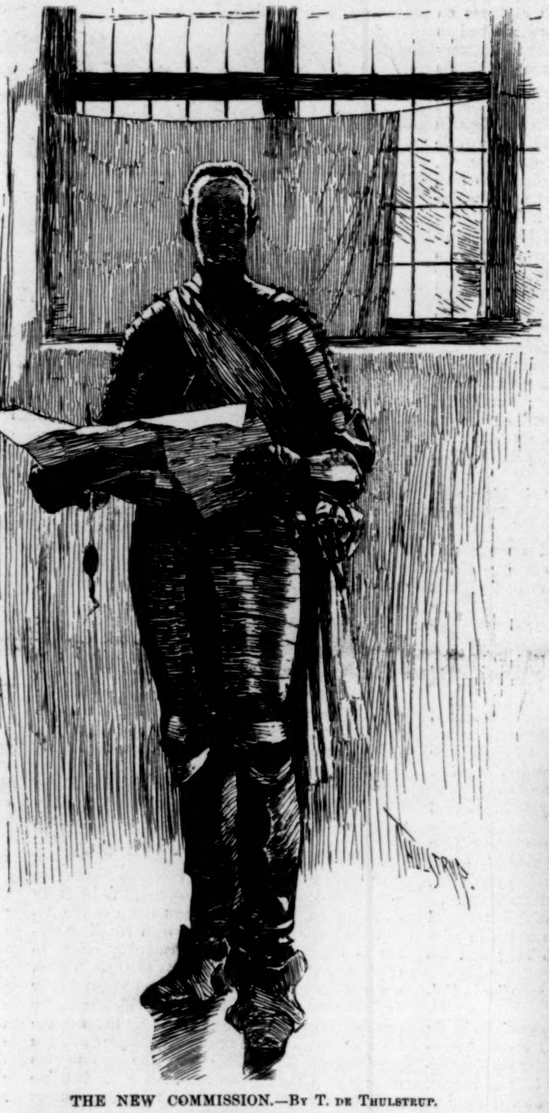
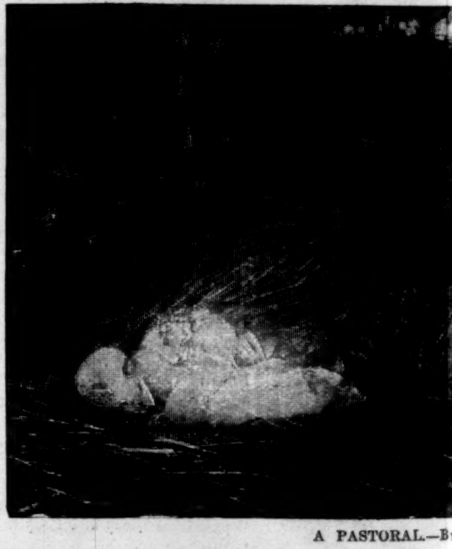
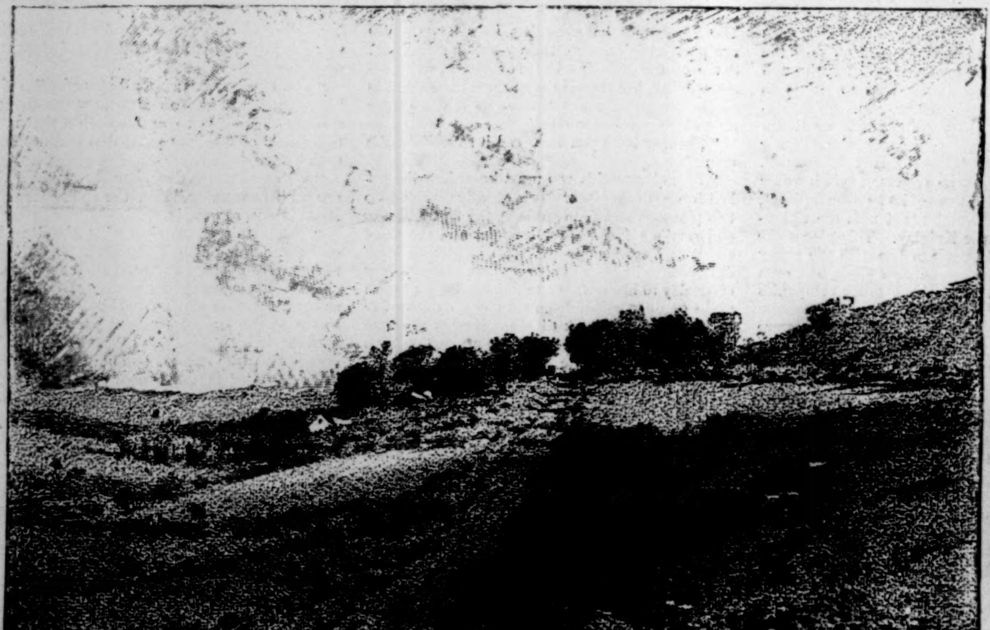
THE RIALTO MARKET.—By Harry Fenn.



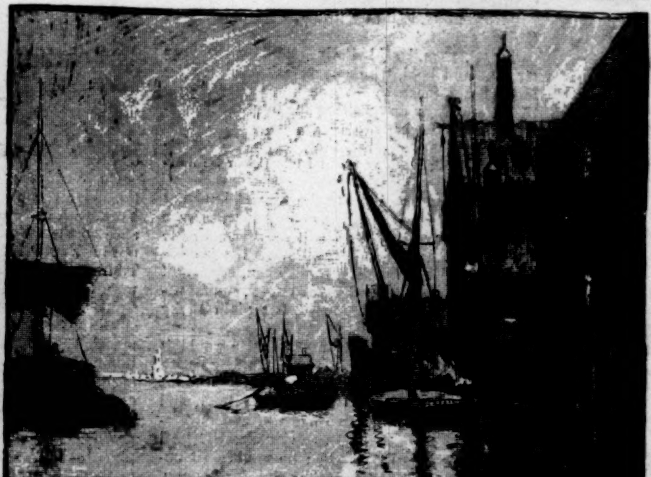
THE NEW COMMISSION.—By T. de Thulstrup.



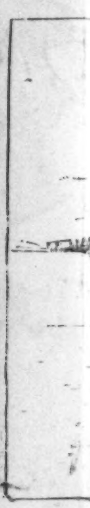
A PASTORAL.—B



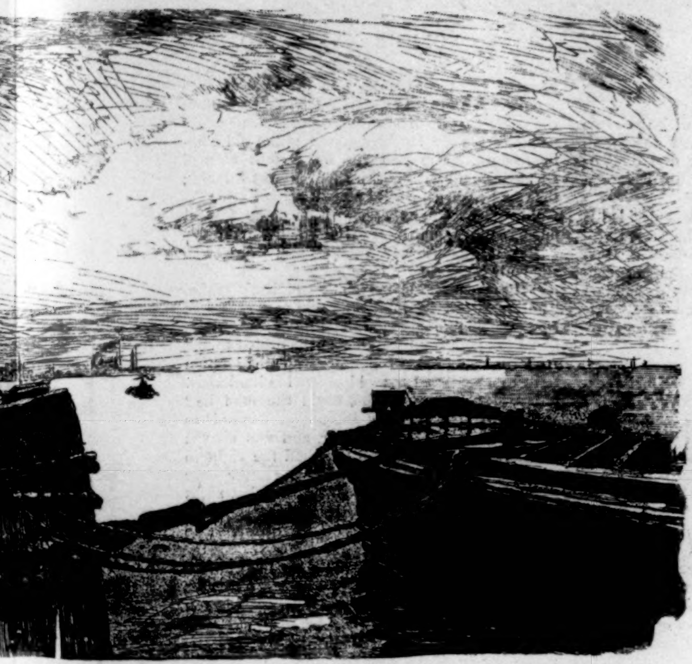
UPLAND MEADOWS.—By W. Hamilton Gibson.



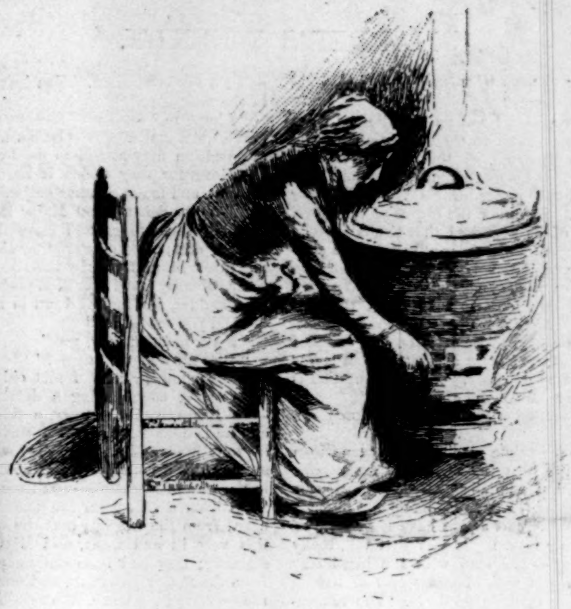
BUSBY'S REACH ON THE THAMES.—By H. W. Ranger.



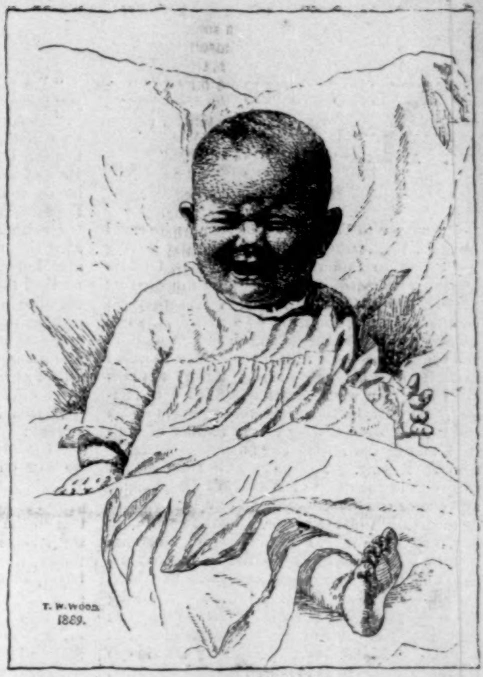
SKETCHES FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-C



HAVRE.—By C. A. Platt.

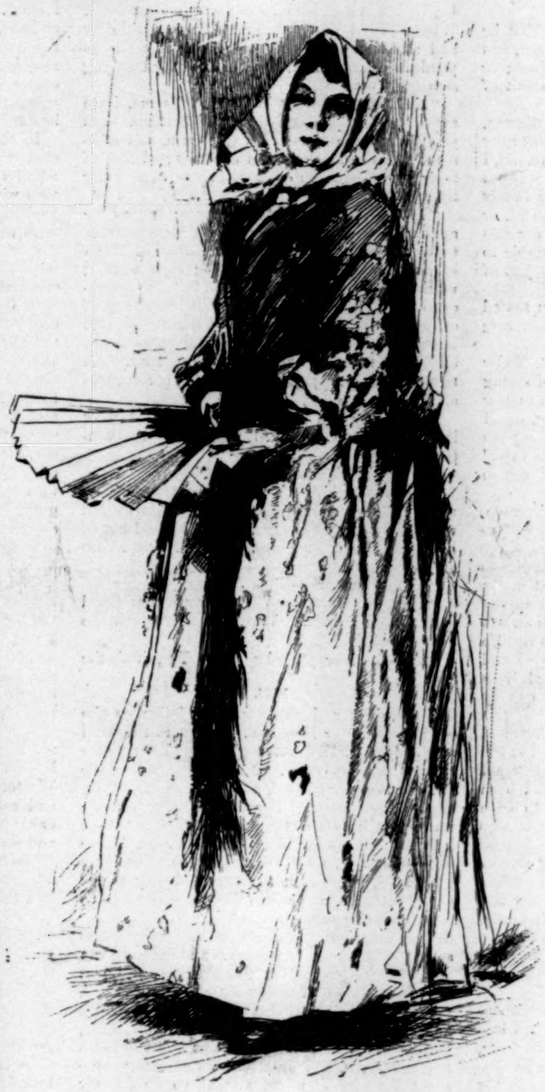


NORMANDY INTERIOR.—By Th. Robinson.

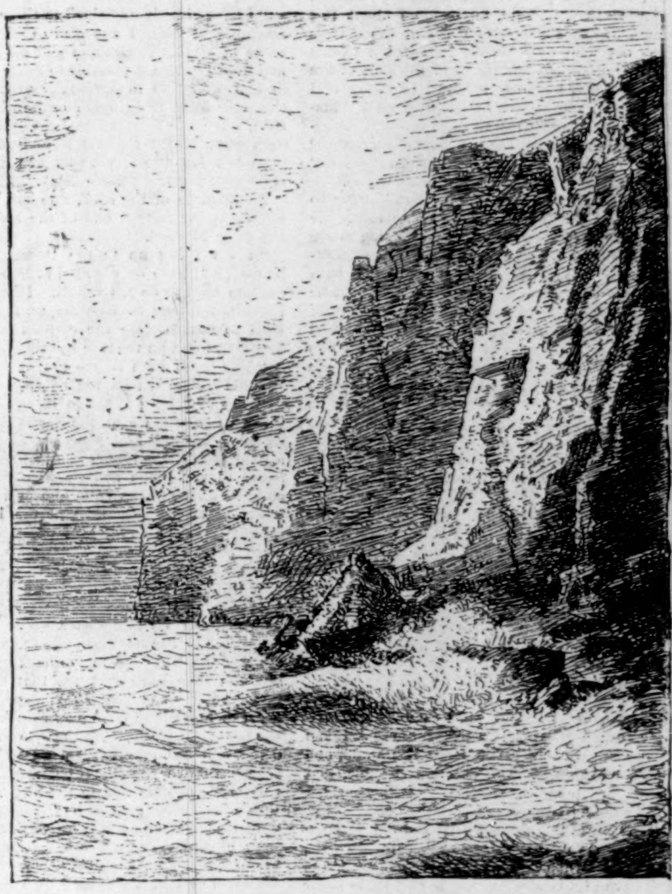


THIS WORLD IS ALL AWRY.—By T. W Wood.

HERD.—By J. D. Smillie.

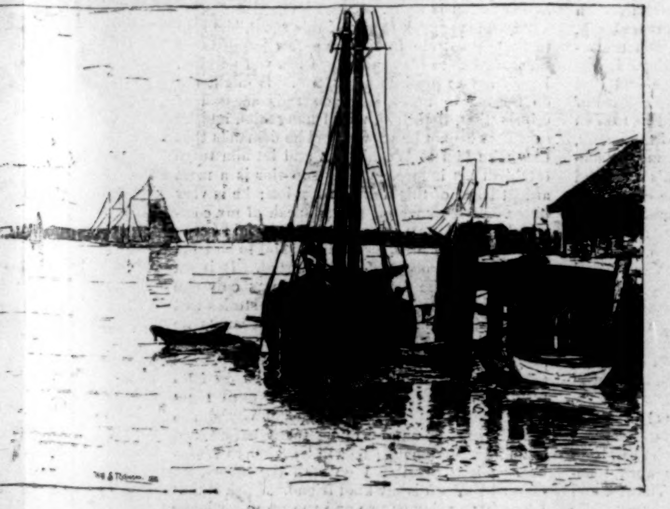


A VENETIAN MARKET (Fragment).—By Robert Blum.

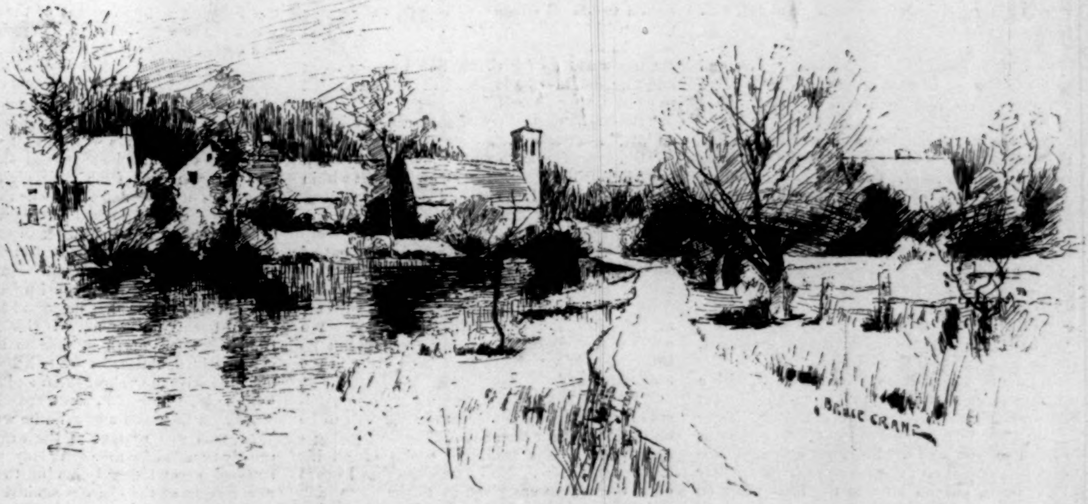


THE SHORES OF BUDE.—By William T. Richards.

—By Horatio Walker.



IN PORT.—By Will S. Robinson.



AN AUTUMN MORNING.—By Bruce Crane.

R-COLOR SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 111.]

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XX.

RETURNING to Washington as soon as he could obtain a fresh "mount" for himself, and leaving his escort to follow by easy marches, Captain Dayton reached the capital late on the evening after his meeting with Westerlo. As they sat by the camp fire, sheltered by a tent fly, the two officers had talked for half an hour or so before the younger bade his host good-night, and rolled himself in his blankets for such rest as was possible to a man whose heart was filled with anxiety. Already, he found, the very troopers of his little escort were talking of the murder of Mullane, and of the strong circumstantial evidence against Kearny. The story flew from mouth to mouth in the camp of Westerlo's detachment, and one or two officers came and questioned him as to the truth of the rumor. Dayton could only say that Mullane was certainly dead, and that Kearny was a passenger on the boat about the time the tragedy occurred, and there had been previously a quarrel between them. Knowing the major, however, from early boyhood, he felt confident that he was not the murderer. But the officers knew that the object of his ride to the neighborhood was to search for Major Kearny, who had certainly accompanied the column. What possible excuse could Kearny have had for joining a command and an expedition where he had no official position? Did not that look queer? This question made Dayton hot, and his answer was, therefore, decidedly cutting. Major Kearny, he said, knew more about this section of the country than any of the officers going out with the column. He had a week's "delay," doubtless had heard of the start of the command, and instantly resolved to follow and overtake it, and tender his services as a volunteer. Such conduct might seem incomprehensible to the questioner, but was most characteristic in Major Kearny, and had been very handsomely recognized by Colonel Graham in his report.

All the same, Dayton was feverishly eager to get back to Washington and join his friend. He more than suspected that it was a longing to see the fair girl at the Armistead place that prompted Kearny to seize the opportunity to come with Graham's command, and it was evident that he had returned to Washington as soon as the brief interview was completed. Something had told him that there was a love affair back of all this gloomy and restless demeanor of Kearny's. He *knew* there must be from the fury with which he had resented Mullane's accusation; and now he was confident that, thus far at least, Kearny had not prospered in his suit. He had only dimly seen the sweet face in the dark hallway, and he ventured to ask Colonel Westerlo if he had met the young lady.

"Ah, I have—two or three times," was the reply. "And I grieve for her. Her father is going fast, I fear; her brother is an officer of Stuart's cavalry; her lover—a handsome fellow—was captured by our advance the night we got to Thoro'fare; and she is utterly alone in the world. And, you mark me, captain, she is a thorough-bred; she is a *lady*. Ah, my heart aches for her."

"Who is the lover? Did you see him?"

"See him? Yes. Worse luck, I 'gobbled' him; and, worst luck of all, I told *her!* It almost turned her into stone. I thought I had killed her. She reeled and nearly fainted, and was deathly white. Oh, but she is game, that little one; she is brave!"

"And who is the man?"

"His name is Falconer. He is from Warrenton, and is a captain of cavalry. He had been visiting her when he got the news of our coming, and he ran into our advance while trying to make his way to his people in the Gap."

Late the next night Dayton reached Willard's, after a journey that had been an all-day affair. He had left Westerlo at the peep of dawn, and was tired out and splashed with mud when he strode into the office of the familiar old hostlery. Dozens of men in uniform, of all grades from major-general down to second lieutenant, were grouped about the marble pavement, and many ceased their talk and looked curiously at him as he entered.

"Has Major Kearny returned?" he asked, with eagerness he could not conceal.

The clerk glanced up quickly.

"Captain Dayton?" he asked. "Yes, and wants to see you at once on your arrival. There are one or two gentlemen with him now. Will you go right up?"

And Dayton, too anxious and impatient to feel the weight of his weariness, was ushered at once to his comrade's room. Two officers were sitting with him, and a portly man in civilian dress lounged in a big arm-chair. All arose as the travel-stained soldier entered, and Kearny sprang eagerly forward and grasped him by the hand.

"Dear old fellow! what a time you must have had—and all on my account! Where have you been?"

"I'll tell you that presently. Tell me first that you have cleared these muddy heads hereabouts, and put an end to their suspicions."

"How is it, gentlemen?" said Kearny, with a grave, sad smile, turning to his visitors. "Let me present my old chum, Captain Dayton. Major Ross; Captain Foster of the staff. The Senator of course you know. From all accounts, *mon ami*, you needed no evidence to clear me in your loyal heart, but an alibi is the least point on which the defense rests the case. I wasn't there."

"I'm glad to hear it, Kearny; and where did you leave the boat?"

"At Alexandria. I was up and dressed when we reached there, and on the dock whom should I meet but Stockton, of the regular cavalry. He told me that he was going out to join Graham's command under orders from the War Department. He knew the object of the move, but neither of us supposed that Graham would start that night. I was delayed in getting a suitable horse, and it was late that day before we reached the camp of Stockton's troop. We were together all day long, so that ended the case against me. Next morning I galloped forward and caught Graham at Centreville. Of course I was amazed at the charge against me, but it was all set at rest by Stockton. Now the question is—who did it? Have you any theory?"

Dayton hesitated a moment, then slowly answered:

"I have some vague suspicion of a man whom we saw on the boat the night you started for Washington, but who disappeared immediately after the murder. I gave his name and description to the police, but as yet have seen none of them since my return. It was that tall, lanky fellow, Kearny—the man with the big, bushy beard, whom you noticed and spoke of having seen elsewhere in different dress. You remember they told us on the boat he was a quartermaster's clerk—name of Freeman—and that Mullane had won a lot of money from him."

Kearny's eyes gleamed with eager interest. "I do indeed!" he said. "Go on!"

"Well, I cannot, further than to say that he did not come back to Acquia with the boat, and that he has not been seen aboard it since; or had not up to the day I started in pursuit of you."

"I have already explained to these gentlemen, Dayton, that while I was glad of an opportunity to be of service to Graham and his command, I had hoped to find it possible to make my way out to Hopewell Gap to personally visit the family that saved me from death or imprisonment, or both, after the Gainesville fight. But for this dash after Mosby I might have been unable to get out there at all; yet that was the object of my requesting this week's delay."

The captain of the staff, who had been seated quietly at the farther end of the sofa, now rose and came forward.

"I am going up to the Department, Major Kearny, and have only waited in hopes of seeing Captain Dayton on his return. It was a matter I did not intend to mention until later, but I want to congratulate the captain on being the first man to hit on the true solution of this case."

"You mean I am right—that it was Freeman who did it?" asked Dayton, eagerly.

"You are right, although it wasn't Freeman. To-day's discoveries at the Secret Service office establish the fact that Freeman, so called, wrote a letter to Mullane telling him he had evidence to prove that Mullane had cheated him at cards, and won all his money from him by a scoundrelly trick; so he bade him be at the landing, and come to his room on the boat prepared to restore every cent, or he would have him arrested and cashiered in disgrace. The letter, signed by a very different name, but one we know equally well, was not obtained by the police until this morning, as it lay in the hack where Mullane had dropped it. The hackman was frightened at the murder, and had kept in the dark until ferreted out, and then gave evidence that he had been employed by some "out-of-town sports" to drive them with Mullane from a certain low saloon to the boat; thence he took them to the Baltimore depot, and could hear them quarrelling among themselves over the money out of which they had fleeced the captain during the night. They had won almost every cent he had, and he was drunk, ugly, truculent, and empty-headed at the time he went aboard. There was evidently a quarrel, a grapple, and then the death-shot. Whether intentional or not, it was fired by a man then employed as a scout and agent of the Secret Service Bureau, who immediately thereafter crossed into Virginia, got his horse and field equipments, joined that night the column under Colonel Graham, and made his escape in time to warn Mosby of their coming."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Kearny, "it was that scoundrel Tierney. The same who betrayed me last year."

"The very man," calmly answered Captain Foster. "And there is no question that he has been a two-faced villain all through, and serving the rebellion while drawing pay from us. You never saw any one so taken aback as the chief. He has stood up for that fellow through thick and thin, and now he looks as though he wanted to go and hang himself."

"Better hang Tierney, if they can lay hands on him," suggested the Senator.

"Oh, never fear as to that! provided they catch him; but he'll never be fool enough to get within our lines again. If he should, and any of Graham's brigade lay hands on him, up he'll go to the first tree."

"No wonder he slunk away and kept out of sight the evening we boarded the boat at Acquia!" said Kearny. "I always knew that it was his doing that the blackguardly story about my stay at Hopewell was first whispered abroad. We could not recognize him in his disguise, but he knew me. What orders have been given in the case, captain?"

"They go out to-night, warning all commanders of columns or detachments in Virginia to be on the lookout for the ex-scout Tierney; giving a description of the man, and copies of all his orders and papers. No instructions that I heard of at the office were given as to the disposition to be made of him. I fancy that is left to the imagination. And now, major, I know you and Captain Dayton have much to talk of—I will report your return to the adjutant-general, captain—and I'll say good-night. You leave for Trenton in the morning?"

"I hope to," answered Kearny, with the same grave, quiet smile. "I trust no new accusation or suspicion may attach to me by that time, or the Governor may decide it best to declare a vacancy, and make another major."

Then the Senator and Major Ross decided it time for them to go and leave the friends together; and no sooner were they alone than Dayton threw himself wearily back in the big armchair. Kearny stood over him, placed his hand on his shoulder, and looked down in his face.

"Did you see—her?"

"For a moment only, yes."

"Was all well with them?"

"I fear not, Frank. I met old Colonel Westerlo there, commanding a detachment of the —— Pennsylvania Cavalry, a fine old soldier, and he is deeply interested in their welfare; but he tells me the Judge is proud as Lucifer, and stubborn as a mule. He won't accept anything in the way of attention—won't see anybody; refuses even a visit from the doctor; and he had heard from the negroes that the old gentleman was very ill and weak, and Miss Lucy nearly starving; they had been daily expecting a visit from the family physician, and needing him, but the very day I got there, Westerlo heard that that red-hot old martinet Van Duzen had ordered Dr. Loring's arrest, and had sent him under guard to Chantilly."

"On what possible charge, pray? If anything, Dr. Loring is a Union man in his innermost heart. What will old Van do next? He is too flighty and rabid an old dragoon to leave in an independent command there. He'll be for hanging somebody yet."

"Kearny, from what Westerlo tells me, I am seriously worried about your friends there. Can you not write a letter to Van Duzen, and commend them to his care and courtesy, because of their long kindness to you when you were under their roof?"

"I'll do it this night, of course; but as we are strangers to each other I must get the Senator and some other dignitary to endorse it. Then it must go safely to Van Duzen; such a thing would only hurt them if it should fall into Southern hands. I hope my visit resulted in the relief of their pressing needs. It did not help me, God knows. Yes, I know your natural supposition, and—it is true. I am hard hit—hard hit. All to no purpose, too; she told me frankly there was another."

"Yes, I heard of it; Westerlo told me. I know it has been the cause of all your misery this winter."

"What did Westerlo tell you?"

"He was wellnigh used up," answered Dayton. "Utterly unconscious of the fact that it was her lover he was speaking of, he told her of his capture, and she nearly fainted away. He said—"

"Whose capture—when?"

"That very night, by Westerlo's advance-guard—Captain Falconer. Wasn't that the man she told you of?"

"Falconer!—captured again? Yes, that's the man."

XXI.

Night, dark and cheerless, had fallen on the old homestead at Hopewell. Except in the room of the aged invalid, not a gleam of light shone from within its walls. Around the house the sentries paced as usual, and with an air of increased alertness and importance. The capture made just before dusk was one that rewarded hours of hitherto seemingly senseless vigil. There was something, after all, about this mysterious household, whose members they saw only at ten yards' distance, and whom they were enjoined to treat with scrupulous respect, but on no account to pass in or out. Either they were spies themselves or harborers of deserters and spies, so ran the camp-fire stories, but this evening's business had probably ended their career of plotting. A strong guard had ridden away into the dark gorge through the range, bearing with them, strapped and bound to his horse, the two-faced spy, murderer, and deserter to the enemy—the scout Tierney, who had trotted so confidently down the pass that very morning, and spent the day in private interview with the invisible owner of the place. Things looked black for that young Virginian, said the officers in their talk with one another. The captors brought the news that "old Van Duzen" had received from Washington the day previous a full account of the crimes with which the man was charged, a description of him, and copies of his passes and papers, and the orders were to find him if a possible thing. It was speedily transmitted to the outposts, and that very night "Tierney" himself had been heard of at one of them. An officer galloped in to Van Duzen's head-quarters with this important news, and in less than an hour several strong detachments were roused from their night's rest, and sent forth at early dawn to scour the country in pursuit. One of these had easily traced the man to Hopewell village, and thence through the Gap. Now they were riding back in triumph, and with the rising of the morrow's sun "old Van" would be in possession of his coveted prisoner. It was a bet of five to one that he would hang him inside of twenty-four hours. If Graham got back from the Shenandoah in time to interpose, the man would doubtless have the benefit of a trial, but otherwise the "short shrift and sudden cord" was the least he could expect.

And yet how cool and calm he was! Captain Wise, who was present at the capture, seemed greatly troubled for the young lady, who had been shocked beyond description by the abrupt announcement of the charges against Tierney, and the somewhat violent means of his arrest. No one supposed that he was a person of any social position or consideration until that moment, but it became instantly apparent that he must have been of great consequence in the eyes of Miss Armistead, and *that* established beyond question the belief that he must come from the same grade—one of the old families of the grand old commonwealth. She had for an instant seemed stricken dumb with horror; had almost fainted; then had rushed forward and seized his arm.

"Gentlemen," she cried, "it is some fearful mistake; it cannot be true!"

But it was Tierney himself, said Wise, who suddenly and proudly checked her.

"Miss Armistead!" he loudly and firmly spoke, "not one word—unless you would make it worse for me. You know I am not guilty of such crime, and I can satisfy all accusers at the proper time." And with anguish in her eyes she had fallen back to a seat, and bowed her head in her hands, but said no more. Who could the man be? His whole manner and intonation seemed to change when he spoke to her, and was obeyed as one in her own station who had the right to advise or command. This was a matter over which Wise pondered long and deeply that night when he was again left alone with his little command; but he pondered to no purpose. The problem was too much for him.

Could he have but seen the sight in the poor old father's room that bitter evening, no doubt would have remained. Judge Armistead, lying on the old sofa in his study, had heard every word. His rallied faculties had quickly grasped the whole horror of the situation, and the imminent peril of his beloved son flashed upon him in an instant. It was better—better for the time being, at least, that he should appear as the murderer, the deserter, the double-dealing scoundrel Tierney, than be known in his true character—an officer and a gentleman of the Confederate service caught disguised and with false papers within the Union lines.

In the first predicament, as Tierney, he could stoutly deny the murder, the desertion, and demand trial. They would not be apt to hang a man without proofs of his crime, and he would probably be taken to Washington; possibly not until then would his identity be discovered. On the other hand, if discovered here and now—if recognized and pointed out as Henry Armistead while yet he stood within the control of Colonel Van Duzen—his doom was sealed. No proofs could then be lacking or demanded. And had not the whole country-side been warned that if any were captured in disguise and found to be Confederate officers, their lives would be the forfeit? When he heard the escort ride away, and listened to the stern, brief orders given to shoot the prisoner dead should he attempt to escape, the father's heart sank within him. He cried aloud in anguish that his son could be thus torn from his side and he be forced to stifle every word of sympathy or love at parting, lest in so speaking he betray him to a fate worse even than the plight in which his recklessness and devotion had plunged him. The old gray head, bowed with grief and ills and bitter sorrow, was hidden in his arms when poor Lucy staggered to the bedside and threw herself, despairing, on her knees. Ah, God! There were sore hearts and desolate homes far in the wintry North, far in the balmier fields where the Gulf winds blew, but we never knew such suffering and such sorrows as did they who dwelt "between the lines."

It was in the hour of their direst need, after a night of sleepless misery, that there came to them late on the following day the gray-haired veteran Westerlo. He had obtained leave to ride over and see them, he said; and Lucy, weeping and exhausted, could almost have fallen into his arms and sobbed in mingled relief and anguish on his fatherly breast. In few words he told them what he knew and what he feared. She had led him to the bedside of the sore-stricken man, and before he spoke at all Westerlo's suspicions were confirmed. He was at head-quarters when Van Duzen received his prisoner that morning. The manner, the bearing, the eyes of the tall and soldierly fellow who stood calmly erect before his questioners were not those of a traitorous wretch such as Tierney was known or believed to be. As Westerlo stood there and studied him, and then listened to the story of his arrival at the homestead and the incidents of his capture, he became possessed with a violent longing to go without delay to the stricken ones at Hopewell. Opportunity presently came; some little strings of evidence as to the alleged Tierney's wanderings were needed. Westerlo tendered his services to his superior officer, and by noon was galloping furiously away.

"I come to speak to you of this scout," he said to these prostrate foes after a few inquiries of the Judge as to his health. "I ask you nothing. I seek not to pry into any secret. It might not do for me to know, but he stands accused of crimes that, if proved, would hang him, and he says they cannot be proved, and he demands that they take him to Washington and let him there establish his innocence. My superior is a most ardent hater of this unholy rebellion; he is very bitter. It becomes me not to speak of my commander, and I must not criticise. Nor could I urge him to send his prisoner to the capital to be tried by the slow process of court-martial. It is an example *here* he needs, and there was only one way I could stay him. Two different stories had been told of what he said—of the accounts he gave of himself—to the guard here and to the picket at Hopewell village. I am sent to get the truth, and I come at speed, but not so do I return. My commander will not act until I get back, and I will pray that Colonel Graham is already *en route* and will be there before me. Then he will not hang; he will be taken to Washington; it is possible I go with the escort, for Colonel Graham is my kind friend. I ask it that I may have a day or two and run up to my home and see my own little girl. Now, dear young lady, dear sir, I hear of late a strange story. They tell to me that this our brave Major Kearny was

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* Begun in No. 1667.

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brought to your house, was nursed, tended, concealed from the troops of your own friends, restored to health, to his home, his country, his comrades, through your merciful kindness. My commander, Van Duzen—he did not know this until yesterday, and then it comes to him straight from Washington—no! not from Major Kearny—from the War-office—and he is distressed to think he had so harshly included you in his orders. He gives me permission to see you, to see how we can serve you, and for this I rejoice. But he can do little. Now I suppose a case: you have a son, a brother, a noble fellow, if he is my enemy, whom in open fight I could not shield; but war has its strange fortunes. Suppose he should be captured; suppose he be in our hands—in danger. Would not a great nation, a great people like ours, rise and say, 'It was he who shielded our soldier; it was his people who brought him back from the shadow of death. Now we ask mercy for *him*.' Dear young lady, if that *should* happen, if it should be that your brother stood in danger of his life, is there not some paper, some letter you could trust to me that I may show the powers at Washington and restore him to you?"

The old gentleman lay on his pillow with averted face, listening in speechless thanksgiving to this wily and diplomatic dragoon. Lucy, weeping and beaming by turns, blessing in her heart of hearts the generous and thoughtful soldier who had come to them in their depth of woe, bringing hope and cheer and consolation—Lucy, who had once believed no man in the Federal blue could ever win a kindly thought from her, now seized the colonel's rugged hand and clasped it in both her own. For a few moments she sat trembling and expectant, waiting for her father to speak, but at last she bent over the silent form and saw the reason; he too was weeping, yet striving to hide his tears.

Impulsively she turned, and with brimming eyes looked into Westerlo's face.

"We *have* such a letter, such papers. We have here the very pages my brother Henry wrote to us the night he captured Mr. Kearny. Without them we could not have concealed him here. With them, we could not say no; and yet—and yet—oh, Colonel Westerlo, there are words in them that will wring my brother's heart if shown or known. They tell of matters he would never speak of even to me. They give a reason for his determination to save Mr. Kearny from going to a Southern prison or taking his chances with other men. Father! *Would* he forgive me if I let it go? He bade me keep it until the war was over, that he might show how he redeemed his pledge."

"It can be in no safer hands than those of Colonel Westerlo, my child," answered the old Judge at last. "He will guard it for us, to be used only in such case as he described; and let me say this to yous, ir: there are other papers, there are letters which it may be in our power to show you that will strengthen the impression which you predict as a result of this. And again, look at our situation; since the hour it was known that we had befriended a Federal officer, and stood between him and capture and imprisonment, every friend we ever had in all this State turned from us on the instant. We are utterly alone. Sir, we will not accept aid or comfort for ourselves. Let *this* prove my words"—and he turned to Lucy—"the package, daughter, with Major Kearny's money; bring it here. I shall ask you, colonel, to see that it is safely restored to him. We will not, I say, ask or accept aid for ourselves, but should you ever hear of my boy in danger of his life or honor, you will not forget?"

"Forget? By Heaven! I could as soon forget my mother's face," answered Westerlo. "With every time I look upon your daughter's eyes I am ready to implore that you should let me take you—take you and her to my home. There you are safe, at least, as my own; there you can have tender care and nursing, and your health will return. Judge Armistead, *surely* it can be done."

"You are a noble, a knightly soldier, Colonel Westerlo. From my heart I thank you. It is too late—too late. I shall never leave Virginia; but when I am gathered to my fathers, she—my child—will be utterly alone here. If then—if then—"

"Hush! she comes. Then, now, at any time henceforth, she shall be as my own. You have my word."

And Judge Armistead's trembling hand sought and clasped the broad and sinewy palm extended to him as the two men looked in each other's eyes. Then Lucy re-entered the room, and handed to her father the sealed packet and some letters.

An hour later Colonel Westerlo had bidden them adieu and started on his return. He had exchanged a few words with Captain Wise, and given him some hints as to the propriety of diminishing his guards and augmenting his personal courtesies to the stricken household. He had made arrangements to have the assistant surgeon sent up to see the failing old man, and he had stolen into the kitchen and had a brief consultation with Aunt Bell, as a result of which some more boxes were smuggled over from the camp of the cavalry detachment. Then, bearing his precious documents, he waved his hand in adieu to Lucy, who appeared one instant on the piazza, and set forth on his return.

Two miles outside of head-quarters he came upon the cavalry picket at a fork of the road. The sergeant looked up eagerly as he saluted the popular old field-officer.

"They're expecting you back, colonel, and are getting mighty impatient, from what I can learn."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that the man we took to be Tierney isn't him at all. It is a Reb officer we've got, running our lines as a spy in disguise. There's going to be a hanging at sunrise."

"My God!" was all Westerlo could say as he struck spurs to his horse and urged him to the gallop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

In general technical excellence and in the popular character of its contents the present exhibition of the Water-color Society is so far in advance of previous displays that its success with the public is a thing assured. Out of the drawings exhibited, nearly eight hundred in number, there are not a dozen that can be passed by as unworthy of notice.

In the North Gallery the first welcome name is that of Miss Fidelia Bridges, none the less welcome because in her "Wild Pastures in Autumn" she introduces us to the same *dramatis personæ* with which her scenes from nature have long made us familiar—golden-rod and asters, purple and white, and the glint of the blue sea, and swallows in arrowy flight. Near by is Mr. Bruce Crane with a delicate study of "Autumn Tints," while Mr. William T. Whittemore strikes a deeper note in his "Salt Marsh Land," one of the best of his many numbers in the exhibition, which, taken as a whole, show a steady growth on his work of past years. A little further on we come to a head by Mr. Theodore Robinson, who, if he be not Claude Monet, has at least lived near him, and yet has kept his own individuality clear. In the North Room, over the Corridor doorway, are hung "Harmony," by Clara Goodyear, the rather unmeaning title of some softly painted roses with a violin. This is neighbored on one side by a "Study of Oranges," by Catharine C. Crosby, boldly drawn and colored with a sure eye; on the other side are Mrs. L. B. Field's "Geraniums," a particularly brilliant drawing, and with somewhat more individuality than we find in its companions. The flower-pieces in this exhibition are not so numerous as usual, but they are, as a rule, distinguished in quality, and show, along with greatly improved skill in handling, improved taste in arrangement. Jane Minot Sedgwick's "Rhododendrons" in this North Gallery, and the same lady's "Peonies in an Old-fashioned Vase" in the Corridor, are fine vigorous drawings, and though from Boston, do not look like *avatars* of Mr. Ross Turner. Another contributor from Boston, Miss Annie C. Nowell, sends a long panel of "Roses"; they hang in the East Room, and are not excelled by anything in the exhibition. There is a noticeably fine panel of "Trumpet-Flowers," by Rhoda Holmes Nicholl, and another of "Mermet Roses," by Emily P. Mann, both in the North Room, and scattered over the walls of the other galleries a dozen or more smaller pieces of great merit—Clara McChesney's "Violets," "Pinks," by Otto Heinigke, and "Roses," by Amy Cross.

Although there are no figure pieces of first-class importance this year, there are enough minor subjects to keep the public in good humor. Mr. Chase has been sparing of his pencil, and sends us only a slight reminder—a lady in black, who says "Good-by" as she turns toward the portière on a well-booted foot. Mr. Blum sends another group of his Venetians—market girls with their lace veils and fichus, fans and slippers, and easy-going ways, coquetting with oranges and grapes and figs on the sunny side of the street. Mr. Blum's other sendings are bits of Venice water—the lagoon with its sails, born of the mist and melting into it an ivied doorway opening from a still canal. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany sends a bountiful contribution, all of it in the same key, as if his people had been stewed in sunlight; they have no substance left, and walk about like noonday ghosts. The best of these subjects, where the artist does seem to keep nature in mind in the midst of all this unreality, is "Choosing the Fish," where some young women are buying the fish of a skipper who has just come in with a haul. Here the attitudes are well caught, and the picture is a very pleasing one. Mr. James Symington's "Betsy" is somewhat beyond his skill, but in the Corridor there is an amusing sketch by him, "A Dutch Dude," no doubt a literal portrait, proving once more that taste is largely an affair of times and seasons. Mr. Freer's "Portrait," in the South Room, is clever enough, but we have been a little spoiled for it by the artist's greater cleverness at other times. As for the Morans (Percy and Léon), we wish we could praise them, for their dexterity is taking; but although they have accumulated a great stock of it, they find little or no use for it. Mr. Otto H. Bacher has a strong "Portrait," an interesting study. Further along is a clever sketch of a Dutch belle, "Melaatij," by George Wharton Edwards, solidly drawn and good and true in color. The girl is a mate for Mr. Symington's dude. There is a strong head by Mr. L. C. Earle, "An Old Salt," treated too much in silhouette, but with enough character to make us forget it. Mr. John A. McDougall's young woman of our grandmothers' time sitting at her escritoire closing a letter, "Ever thine, Celia," is a graceful study of sentiment and reality prettily mingled. Mr. Irving R. Wiles has left his recent rather crude realities behind him, and this year gives his fancy a free rein, masquerading in Japanese costumes, and inventing a "Cigale" all his own: a Japanese this time, who, after singing all the summer, seems to be reduced to catching butterflies for a meal. Mr. George W. Maynard's "Sirens" is a graceful, animated composition, reminiscent of *Das Rheingold*.

The strongest part of the exhibition is the landscape contingent, and here there is so much thoroughly good work that time would fail us to attempt more than an enumeration of the most striking pieces. If Mr. Horatio Walker be not exactly a landscape-painter, his cattle pieces have the great merit of making us think as much of the nature in which his cows and pigs are vegetating as of the creatures themselves. His tone is delightfully soft and rich. Mr. Tryon has several pleasing studies—two small ones in the South Gallery, near the door of the East Room, are especially worth noting. Mr. Ranger, if, as is the case with many another artist, he is too much like himself, yet makes himself interesting for all that; with his old wharf buildings and dark waters and rich skies he has all the elements of a picture, and knows well how to combine them. Mr. Waller L. Palmer, who has taken Winter for his kingdom, sends several finished pictures, where his great knowledge of tree forms and his skill in painting snow are displayed in all their force. Just above his "Road to Olana," No. 411, South Room, is a bit of "Winter," by W. Merritt Post, which loses nothing by its neighborhood, although it treats the subject differently. Mr. Post's winter makes us think of the sombre, self-denying side; his pictures are such as Jane Eyre saw from her sheltered perch in the window-seat of Mrs. Reid's parlor. But we must close, and forbear to speak of Mr. Bolton Jones's "Winter Twilight," or Mr. Faber's "View from the Hill"—Mr. Faber, a new name sure to be heard of again—or Miss Alexandrina Dupré, whose "White Day" is a strong, expressive bit, or last, but certainly not least, Mr. Henry Farrer's many pieces, every one of them, equally with his largest subject in the South Room, testifying to a long and faithful study of nature, and to the most conscientious care and painstaking in the execution.

THE COSTUME RECEPTION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

For the first time in this country a costume representation has been carried out on the scale of such entertainments at the Munich and the London Art Academies. The occasion was the twenty-second annual exhibition of the Water-color Society, which gave the use of the building for this reception in costume, of which the Society of Decorative Art receives the proceeds. The plans for the fête, arranged carefully by artists, have been followed with equal interest and fidelity by the best part of society.

The invited guests, in number estimated at about seven hundred, were announced in succession by two heralds to the President of the Water-color Society and the President of the Society of Decorative Art, by whom they were received. A company of men-at-arms, in the costume of the Yeomen of the Guard, formed groups on the staircases, and led a procession of about a hundred artists, which was formed at midnight as the formal opening of festivities. The procession, which included sculptors, architects, and actors as well as painters, started from the library on the ground-floor, which was hung completely with tapestries and canopied in silk. The march followed the ascent of the stairs, the circuit of the galleries, and the downward passage again to the richly decorated library section, where the supper was spread.

The varied styles of costumes united in this procession were equally correct and elegant, showing the critical studies of artists in a subject offering greater difficulties than may be known to less precise investigators. The general art director of the representation, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, appeared in a Spanish costume of a courtier of the reign of Philip II., reproduced from one obtained by the artist in Spain.

A fine example was shown in the costume of Mr. B. C. Porter, previously worn by its possessor on the occasion of the Vanderbilt ball. This is of exact character as representing the period of Henri III., while showing in a superb manner the style of emblazoning the robe which had become a predominant fashion after having been introduced with a tunic and mantle of Louis VII., covered with fleurs-de-lis.

An outfit was made up with least difficulty by some of the artists having studio properties in costumes. Specimens of the kind collected for art uses by Léon and Percy Moran furnished the possessors with the styles desired, the selection of the former being an original Florentine costume of the fifteenth century.

The costume of William M. Chase, of an old Dutch style, was a genuine fabrication of the date. This is in sage green velvet, with tawny leather shoes and old jewels, of which this artist has a collection.

An early Florentine style, designated as a Cimabue dress, and worn by Mr. Richard M. Hunt, was a good specimen in white and gold, with a large cape. One of the costly styles designed for this occasion represented the period of splendor known as the Champ d'Or, long celebrated in the annals of the toilet. This was copied directly from a portrait by the artist H. Le Grand Cannon, forming an example of the costume epoch of Francis I., of equally sumptuous and correct sort.

The President of the Water-color Society, Mr. J. G. Brown, having, in company with Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, the President of the Decorative Art Society, the office of receiving the guests, wore a costume of the reign of Henry VIII., in deep red velvet, with a cloak and a low-crowned hat with plumes. The costume of Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, representing the period of Elizabeth of England, was of artistic character, the robe in yellow brocade being one to recall the fact that costume at the time signified was of a dignity and consequence leading to the publication of the first work on the subject in England.

A few Greek styles were of much beauty, and a less number finely represented Eastern dress in its richness of color and ornament.

The Venetian style of dress displayed generally a certain dignity of character in which the noble influence of antiquity might yet be traced. Suited as this was with the decorative background, its examples missed no advantage for good effect. The most numerous types were of late mediæval dates, copied from the period when the young nobles of Italy were in the habit of betaking themselves to Venezia la Bella. The extreme charm of color, the magnificence of cloth of gold, of ermine, of gold and jewels, made familiar by the brush of Titian, appeared in many exact as well as beautiful reproductions in this novel scene.

As leader of the Venetian quadrille, Mrs. Nicholas Fish represented a sixteenth-century personage of the highest rank, in green velvet and old brocade. The style of Venetian nobles was represented in finely correct dresses of the periods copied. The rich dress of Mr. John Jacob Astor, of the Capulet type, was in sapphire blue velvet and old-gold satin embroidered in gold. A sword ornamented with jewels was worn with a jewelled *ceinture à croupière*, or sword girdle, and a jewel necklace added another lustre to this magnificent style. A rich Moorish costume, worn by Mr. G. C. Muzig in the Venetian quadrille, as the single exception to the style of that order, represented the time when the Moors were in Venice.

One beautiful type was shown in the Vandyck dress of Mrs. Pierrepont Morgan, in Indian yellow, worn with magnificent jewels of the fourteenth century. The costume of Mrs. Astor, a marvel of jewel splendor, represented the style of Catherine de Medicis, with court train of royal purple velvet embroidered in gold. The white satin petticoat over which this opens is veiled in net embroidered with gold and pearls, both the pointed ruff and the hanging sleeves over tight-fitting sleeves being in this delicately embroidered material. The stomacher is a solid mass of diamonds, and five rows of large diamonds encircle the neck. A jewel girdle and a diadem of diamonds and pearls, with a coronet above, are of white throughout, without a colored gem. A Sir Joshua Reynolds quadrille was not the least picturesque, and in beauty equalling the best famed from art of that source moved through its measures.

The participants of this remarkable art representation had in many cases been entertained at costume dinners before assembling at the Academy galleries. No less than nine of these banquets were given, among the largest being one at Mrs. Astor's, and another at the residence of ex-Mayor Hewitt.

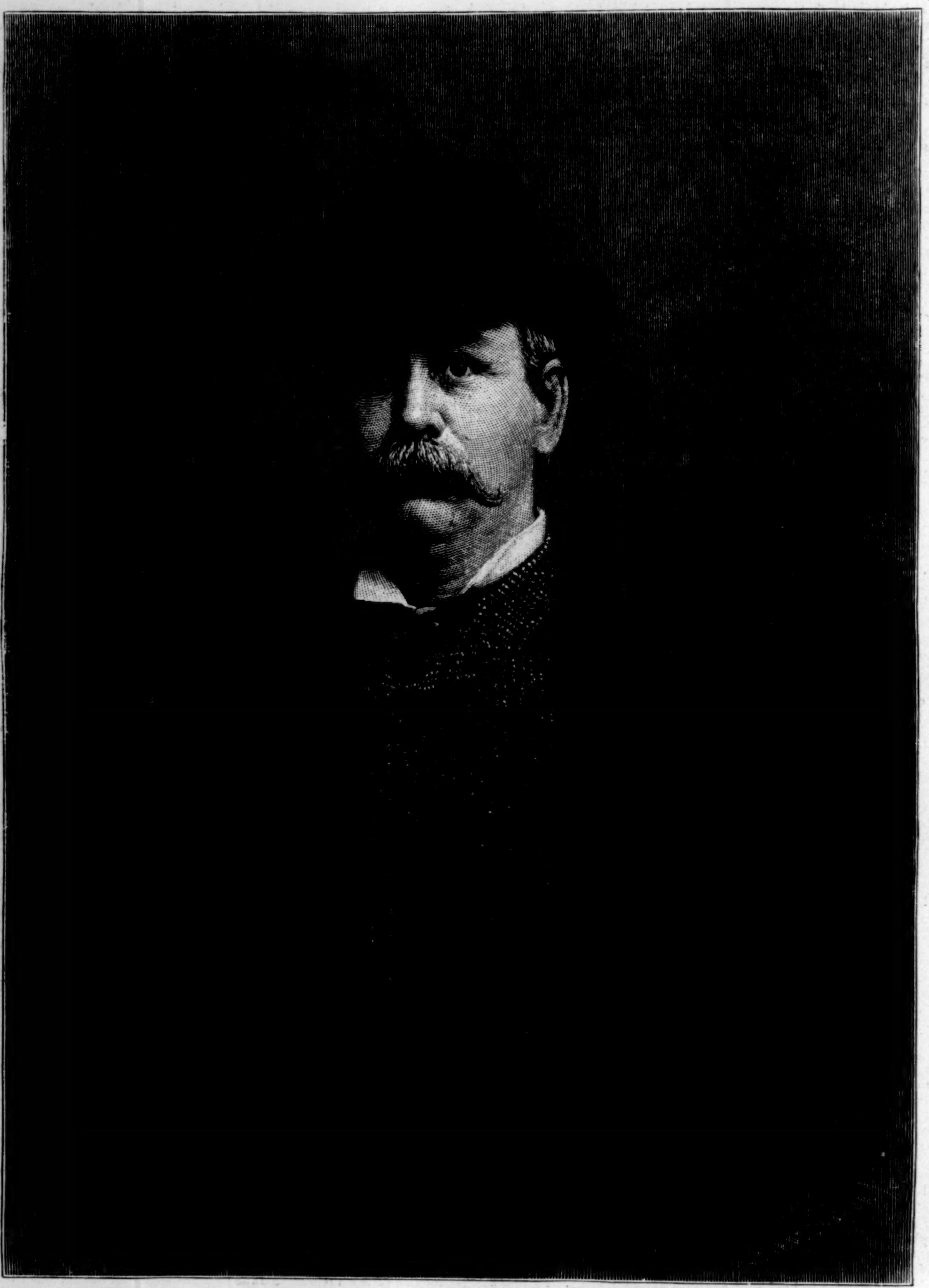
CHIEF INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES.

A glance at the portrait of Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, of the New York police force, on page 112, will be enough to indicate to any student of physiognomy some of the characteristics which have made him, in his way, one of the marked men of the world, and have enabled him to organize, and wellnigh to perfect, an efficient machinery for the detection of crime. His face is that of a determined man, of great shrewdness and penetration, very considerable mentality, and unrelenting purpose, combined with real kindness and moderation. It is also the face of an honest man; but perfect honesty, according to his code, is by no means incompatible with elaborate lying, when it becomes necessary to meet criminals with their own weapons, and he prides himself on his ability to conceal his purposes and thoughts, though his veracity is unimpeachable in dealing with those who have a right to be treated openly.

He has lately completed a quarter of a century of police service, having been appointed on the force in December, 1863, and having passed through every grade from patrolman to the position, created for him by the Legislature of 1888, of Chief Inspector of Police, and he is now second only to the Superintendent. The rank of Captain, which he attained in 1870, is the first in which a policeman has really an opportunity to show his ability, for it is the first in which he can act in any capacity but that of a subordinate, and as a Captain he fully justified the opinion which induced the Board of Commissioners to promote him to the rank. He commanded, in the course of the ten years of his captaincy, the Twenty-third, the Twenty-first, and the Fifteenth precincts, and earned his promotion fairly by his successful handling of numerous prominent cases, working at them patiently and carefully until he had secured the conviction and imprisonment of the criminals.

It was in 1878, while he was in command of the last-named precinct, that the robbery of the Manhattan Bank occurred. He became Inspector in the mean time. The detective force of the city was at that time in exceedingly bad repute. Not only was there a great lack of confidence on the part of the public in the efficiency of the detective ability of the members, but several of them had, largely through the efforts of newspaper reporters, been themselves detected in dishonesty. On March 12, 1880, he was placed in command of the Detective Department of this city, where he has remained since. He found the department in a badly demoralized condition. There was a total lack of discipline on the part of the men, who for the most part had secured by political influence their assignment to a branch of the service in which they were relieved of the laborious part of a policeman's duty, and in which they enjoyed plenty of leisure and remarkable facilities for making money.

Inspector Byrnes had made the stipulation with the Commissioners before assuming his new position that he should be untrammelled in his control of the department, and should have the full power to select his own men from the police force. He went to Wall Street, found an office, hired it with money from his own pock-



CHIEF INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES OF THE NEW YORK POLICE.—From a Photograph by Anderson.

et, and established himself there at once. He had only been there a day or two when Brayton Ives, then President of the Stock Exchange, sought an interview with him, and inquired as to his reasons for the move. A long conversation occurred, and Mr. Ives, recognizing the importance of securing such police protection as was offered, took the Inspector before the Governing Committee of the Exchange, and arranged, with their sanction, that the detective office should be located in the Exchange building. The advantages to Wall Street are obvious. There is now in the money centre of the community, at the command of any citizen, the best detective assistance procurable. This he can secure without cost, and the men whose services he employs are directly responsible to him as an individual member of the body-politic. Any remissness or breach of duty that may occur he can have investigated and punished by competent authority. The value of the idea is shown by the fact, as alleged, that in the eight years that have followed the establishment of the office no money has been lost by the depredations of professional criminals in that neighborhood. Amusing stories have been told from time to time of some of these enemies of society who have been forced to apply to the Inspector for permission to visit Wall Street on legitimate business, and who are only allowed to go there with such permission, and in company with a police-officer.

This last somewhat arbitrary exercise of wholesome authority is in harmony with the policy Inspector Byrnes has followed ever since he assumed his position. The detectives at Headquarters were not the only ones who relied on political influence at the time he went there. The most of the prominent thieves of the city boasted of their "pull," and as a matter of fact had enjoyed immunity from punishment for a considerable time by reason of their influence, direct or indirect, over some politician powerful enough to shield them. The statement seems a bold one, but no journalist of a dozen years' experience in New York will challenge it.

The Inspector bade defiance to this political influence at once, and within two days had nearly every man in the office transferred back to precinct duty, retaining only four or five, and filling the vacant places with men selected by himself from the department at large. It made many enemies for him, but he has never been afraid of making enemies. His next step was to have all the known thieves of the city brought before him, one at a time, and after a little conversation with them to introduce them to his men as enemies of society, who were to be arrested at any time they were met on the highway. "It makes no difference," he said to his officers, "whether the magistrate before whom they may be taken shall discharge them for lack of evidence or not. It may be his duty to do so, but it is our place to arrest them at any time on suspicion."

This bold assertion of the largest measure of police power and the threat implied were enough to paralyze the confidence of the criminals who had deemed themselves moderately secure, and Inspector Byrnes followed up his first blow with others equally telling. His aim was to win the confidence of the community and the respect and fear of the criminal classes. He has done both. His small force of men, backed up as they are by a chief who is utterly fearless and independent of political influence, have attained an efficiency second to no other detective force, and with their aid the Inspector has done more to disorganize organized crime than any other man who has ever been a police-officer.

Manifestly this is no ordinary work, and no ordinary man could have accomplished it. Some unusual qualities must be attributed to the one who has achieved such results, and it is entirely within reason to say that Mr. Byrnes has a remarkable magnetic power, though very likely he would not call it by that name. "I have never known a case in which I have had a thief here in my office when I couldn't learn pretty much all he knew," he says. "They will give up their secrets and betray one another rather than go to prison, especially if they have once 'done time.' I never knew an instance of a man who had served one or more terms in the State-prison who wanted to go back."

It will be noticed that the Inspector has no faith in the honor that is said to exist among thieves. When he was asked how he prevailed on criminals to betray one another, he smiled, and said, "Well, I talk to them. Sometimes I will have a man in here and talk to him for an hour before I let him speak. Then he is ready to tell me anything I want to know."

"But it seems almost impossible to make a man betray such secrets as they have," I said.

The Inspector smiled again, and said, simply, "It isn't hard when you are stronger than they are."

He does not hesitate to compare his force with that of Scotland Yard, nor with the famous Parisian detective force, and the comparison, as he draws it, is by no means flattering to his rivals. "We do far more toward the prevention and the detection of crime than either the London or Paris detectives," he declares openly. "They have, it is true, certain advantages which we have not, and which it is not right that we should have in this country. For instance, a gentleman to whom I gave some letters before he went to Paris was talking to me about the marvellous efficiency of the Paris police, and told how the official whom he visited knew the date of his arrival, the hotel at which he stopped, the number of persons in his party, and exactly what luggage he had with him. I laughed at him, and asked him what importance he attached to that, and he said that it was only important as showing the efficiency of the police. He was quite surprised when I told him that there was a French law which compelled the hotel-keeper to inform the police of all those facts.

"In our country nothing of that sort would be tolerated. We have multitudes of strangers arriving here all the time, but they wear no collar and carry no tag. They are free to come and go, for I have not men enough to watch all the avenues of travel to and from the city if I wanted to. All we can do is to attend to what is going on here. Yet our force is far more efficient in preventing crimes against property and the person than the others. How do I know this? Why, by such facts as this: A very considerable number of our first-class thieves go over to England and France every year or so, and come back with money to spend. Over there the authorities can hold suspected persons much better than we can, but they don't catch them as well. In France, for instance, a man may be convicted without being present at his trial. See what a power that gives the police."

"What about the employment of secret agents in polite society?"

"That reads well in the old fairy stories we read about the French police, but such persons are not police detectives. They are political spies. They detect, it is true, but the things they find out are political crimes, not police offences. I have no use for such agents, for the reason that social circles are not the places where crime is planned. The people who meet in the clubs and the drawing-rooms of New York are not criminals. I select my agents according to what I want done."

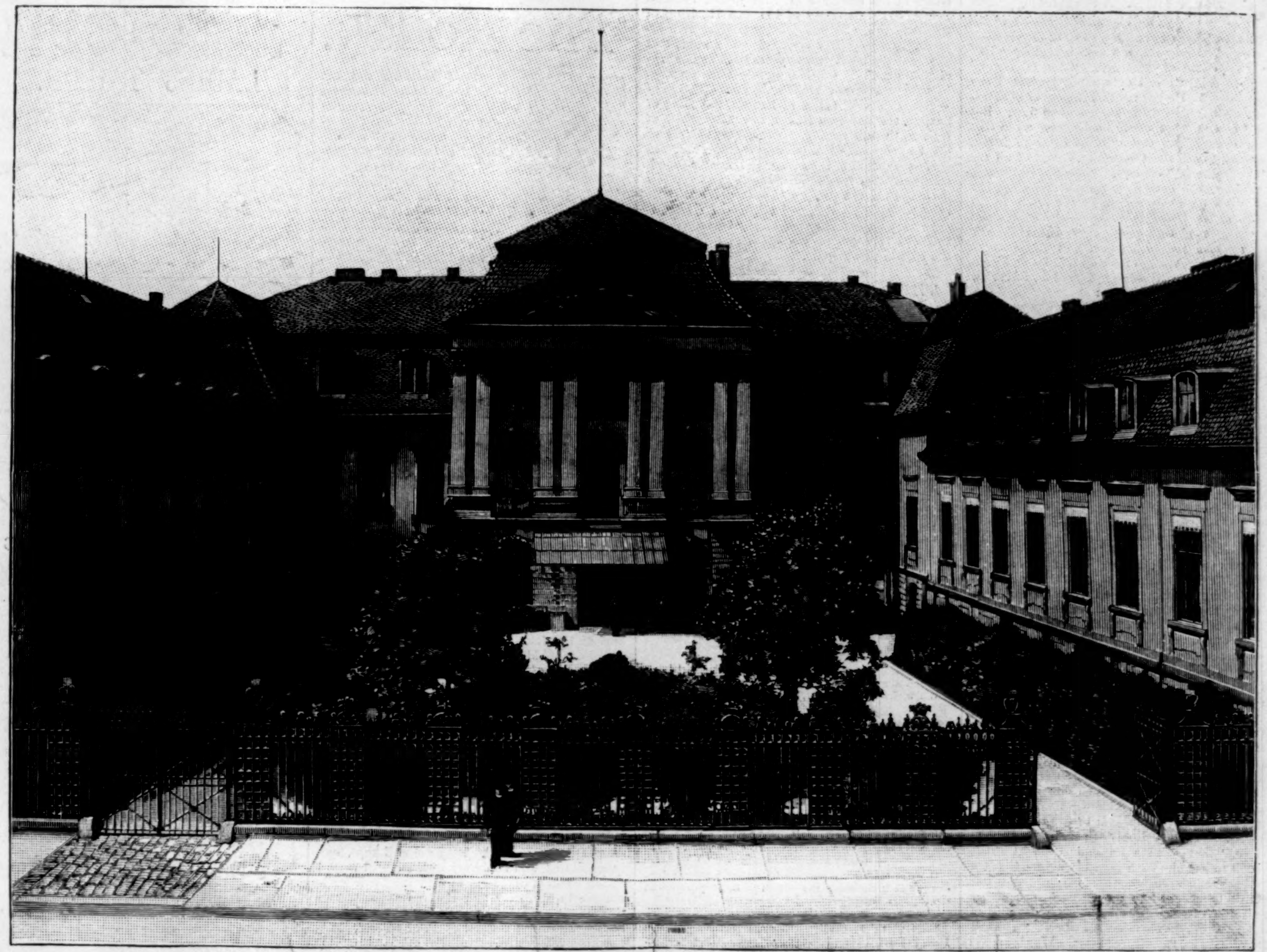
It is the analytical skill indicated in this conversation that enables Inspector Byrnes to follow up each case after a method to fit the circumstances. He works by no set rules, but when confronted with a man deals with him according to his characteristics; when met by a difficulty, he overcomes it by the exercise of what is fairly to be called genius. He is the only man in his position who has shown himself able to make criminals supply the missing links in the evidence against themselves. This he has done in many notable instances, such as the McGloin murder case, and the case of Shevklin, the trusted watchman of the Manhattan Savings-bank. His methods are so different from those of the old-time detectives that thieves and other habitual criminals have learned to look upon him as a man who knows them thoroughly—their habits, their acts, their very thoughts.

Among the things that he has done which are entirely out of the ordinary line of police work is the publication of a book on the professional criminals of America. In its preparation he made no effort to work on the usual lines of authorship. It is not a romance, not even a story, though to many readers it has as much fascination as a powerful novel. It is a public "Rogues' Gallery," with brief sketches of the notable offences of each criminal in connection with his portrait. It is safe to say that no one thing ever done by a policeman has struck such terror to the hearts of criminals as this has done. This book is not only sought for on the trials of professional thieves in all parts of this country, for the purpose of establishing their identity, but it is used by the authorities in almost all parts of Europe for the purpose of protecting themselves against American criminals. In this way Inspector Byrnes has not only managed to drive out of New York a great number of the most skilful thieves the world has ever seen, but he has so branded them for life as to cripple their work in any part of the civilized world.

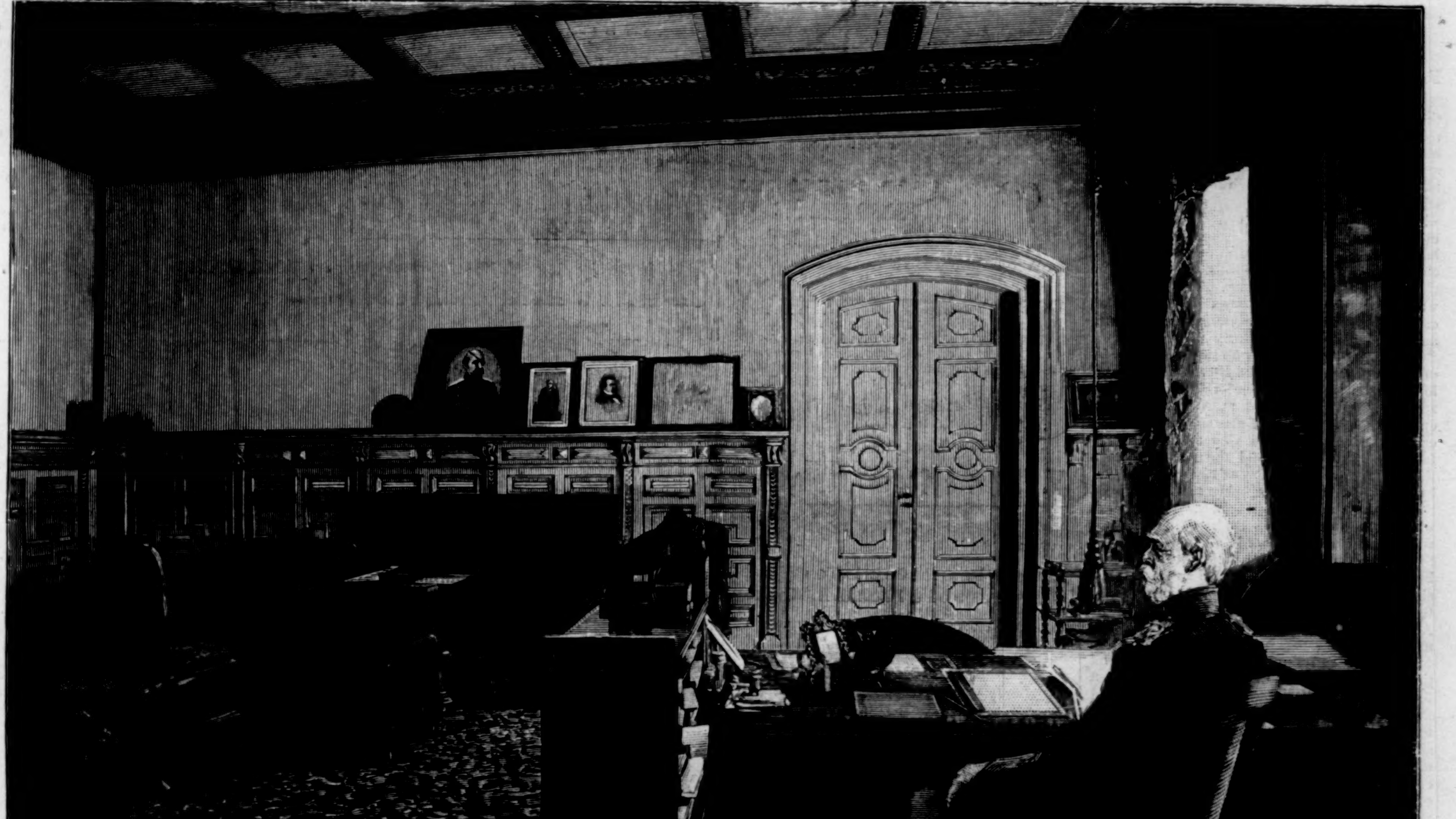
Mention has been made of his selection of his own force. Obviously he needs many instruments to do so great a work as he has done, and his ability has been shown by his selection of detectives no less than by his use of them. He says himself that he is guided in his selection solely by individual fitness for the particular work he has in mind to be done. He aims to have among the men in his office some one or more that shall be specially fitted for any particular emergency that shall arise, and it is probably true that the force is nearly perfect in this respect. There are college-bred men, men of experience in polite society, men of considerable linguistic attainments, who speak four or five languages each, and there is not one on the force who is not highly intelligent and exceedingly gentlemanly in his demeanor. The change from the *personnel* of the old force is radical.

With this small army so scattered as to be in constant surveillance of all important places in the city, the Inspector has a system of communication by which he claims to be able to call them all together at any given point within an hour. The men are instructed to keep themselves unknown to the public as much as possible—a precaution that was formerly ignored—and the wisdom of this idea has been proven by the results. Not only have large robberies by professional thieves become almost unknown in New York, but stolen money and property are generally recovered. Some millions of stolen property have been recovered by the force since Thomas Byrnes took command of it; and the aggregate time of the sentences obtained by his efforts against criminals in the eight years is only a trifle less than 7000 years.

Fales-Curtis.



THE FRONT OF THE PALACE.



PRINCE VON BISMARCK IN HIS WORK-ROOM.

BISMARCK'S PALACE IN BERLIN.—From Photographs.—[See Page 114.]

BISMARCK AT HOME.

In order to give an idea of the interior of the **Bismarck** palace I shall have to call for aid upon a very frivolous person, a novelist. Prince **Bismarck** is fond of romances. "A good novel," he once said, "I call only a novel which I can read twice." He has read all the works of **Spielhagen** without perusing one a second time. But there is a novelist whose books come up to that condition. When this novelist came to Berlin he went to see the Chancellor. And of all the "practical men," emperors, generals, statesmen, historians, who have gone up the steps, not one has given us a description of the study in the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse which is the equal to the pen-picture painted by **Jókai Moritz**. **Jókai** was a Hungarian poet and novelist who some twenty years ago took up politics and went into parliament. His description of his interview with **Bismarck** is as follows:

"On the day after my arrival I was so fortunate as to obtain a hearing from the great statesman—if that can be called a hearing where he spoke and I listened. The hour was nine in the evening, and sometimes he gives audiences as late as midnight. The approach is easy and simple. His palace is the least pretentious in the whole Wilhelmstrasse, and not even a porter in bearskin guards the door with his silver staff. One must ring the bell as at an ordinary house. A single moderator-lamp on a table lights up the hall. The third apartment from this is **Bismarck**'s work and reception room. Here also the furniture is most simple; no display; in the corner an iron sofa; under this lies a mighty St. Bernard dog; at the window stands an iron chest; in the middle of the room a great writing-table at which the iron man sits. Prince **Bismarck** is an athletic figure, fully six feet tall, with broad shoulders and mighty hands which betray steel muscles when he shakes your own; his face I do not find like any of his portraits, which make him appear to be morose and bilious. The Prince did not allow me to finish the greeting which I had carefully prepared. He said I looked younger than he had fancied I would. He made me sit down on the other side of the writing-table, produced a package of cigars from the iron chest, and offered one to me." The talk was mainly upon the affairs of Europe, and these have since changed. So has the study, apparently, for **Jókai** makes no mention of seeing there the pictures of **Cleveland** and **Bayard** which now stand upon the mantel. One remark of the Chancellor's in that conversation with **Jókai** I may quote against himself. "It is a Russian proverb," said the Prince, "that when a Russian steals he steals enough to last him for a day; but when a German steals he steals so much that something is left over till to-morrow for his children." This makes one think of the Samoan Islands. Apropos of which also we may quote the Prince. "The majority," said he, "never want war. War is always brought on by the minority, or in absolute states by rulers and cabinets. It is never brought on by newspaper articles. A man may shout 'fire' all day long without kindling the house."

Jonathan Sturges.

PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA.

Archduke Rudolph, the heir-apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and the only son of the Emperor **Francis Joseph**, was found dead in his bed on January 30th at Meyerling, a place several miles distant from Vienna, to which he had gone on a hunting expedition. It has been officially announced that Professor **Wiederhofer**, who performed the autopsy, found a large wound in the side of the head, which must have caused instant death. A revolver with one chamber discharged was found on the bedside close to the right hand of the dead Prince. The position in which it was found proves beyond doubt that he committed suicide. The pericranium was torn and the skull bones were partly shattered.

Prince **Rudolph** was only a few months turned of thirty. As a child he did not give promise of long life, but as he advanced in years he grew stronger, and finally found in athletic pursuits one of his chief sources of amusement. He was carefully educated, with a view to his apparent future responsibilities, and thus, among other things, acquired the numerous languages spoken by the various races composing the subjects of the sovereign of Austria-Hungary. He travelled widely, wrote one or two books as a record of what he saw, and developed an unusual princely liking for men of science and letters. Since he became of age he has often been an efficient assistant of his father on public occasions, and he had attained to the rank of Major-General in the Austrian army and to that of Vice-Admiral in the navy.

A close friendship existed between him and the Prince of Wales. It appears to have been founded largely on similar social habits and tastes, and these were not of the highest character. Many unpleasant tales of their comradeship have been current in Europe. **Rudolph** and the present Emperor of Germany were bosom companions in their boyhood years. They were of nearly the same age, and their families brought them much together from design. But in later years they disagreed with considerable bitterness. Time did not appear to mend matters in the least. Two years ago **Rudolph**'s chances of succeeding to a throne certainly appeared better than **William**'s. Fate determined, however, that **William** should lose both grandfather and father, while **Rudolph** was himself to die ere half his apparent days had run out. **Rudolph** was fated also to have no son to heir the throne he failed to reach himself. His only child is a daughter, and the nearest male heir is the Emperor's brother, the Archduke **Karl Ludwig**, whose age is fifty-six, and who has three sons grown to man's estate.

Prince **Rudolph** was perhaps best known on account of his marriage in 1881 to the Princess **Stéphanie**, a daughter of **Leopold** II., King of the Belgians, who was alike beautiful and beloved. The marriage ceremony was a scene that stood unrivalled for many years back among royal weddings. The bridal couple were escorted by twenty Austrian Archdukes, by the Prince of Wales, Prince **William** of Prussia, the King of Saxony, the Bavarian Dukes, and many others of high birth and station. The presents were of great extent and of surprising magnificence. In commemoration of the event the Emperor founded twenty-two free scholarships. And yet this marriage did not prove a happy one. The wife complained of neglect, and with cause. She desired a separation, but reasons of state interfered. Opinions were generally altogether on the side of the wife in this dispute.

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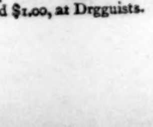

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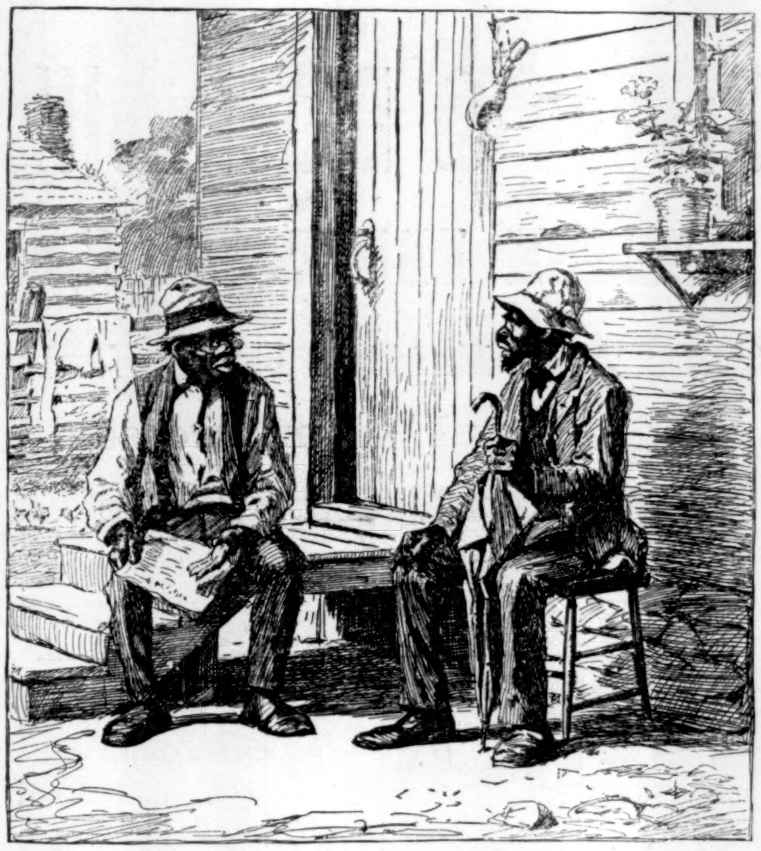

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Brer Sargent (*reading of the conviction of a fellow-citizen of color*). "No, sah! ef I'd 'a ben on dat jury I wouldn't 'a brung in no verdic' ob 'guilty.'"

Brer Moses (*in surprise*). "But, brer, don' you see de paper say how as he done plead 'guilty' 'for' de jedge and de jury?"

Brer Sargent (*scornfully*). "What diff'rence dat goin' make? He lie so like de debbil, yo' 'spec' I gwine b'lieve w'at he say? No, sah!"

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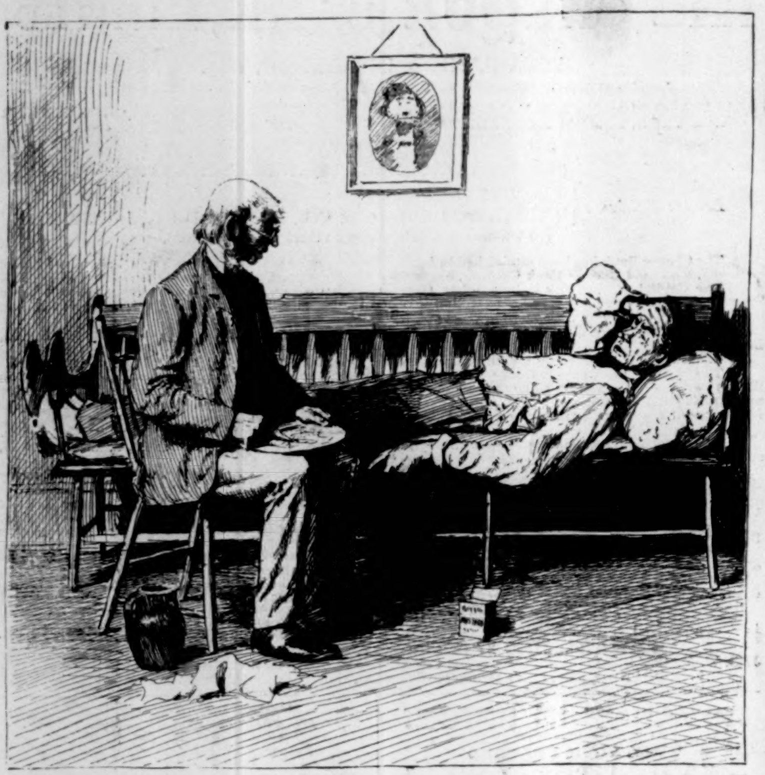

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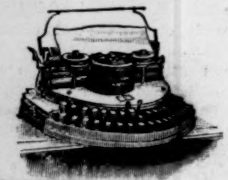

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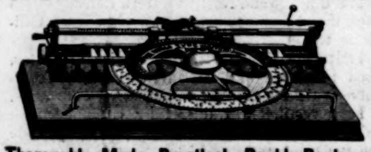

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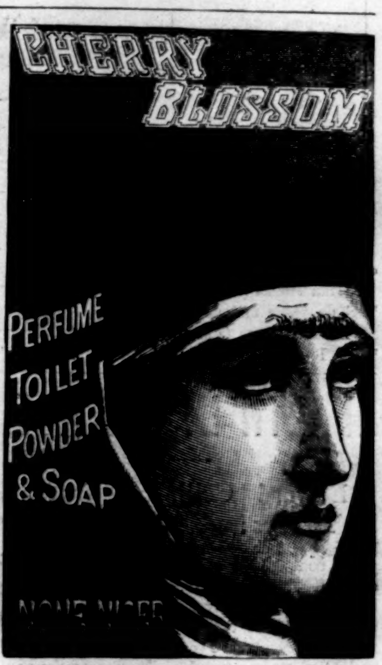

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AMERICAN MEN-OF-WAR.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, LIEUTENANT U. S. N.

I.

BETWEEN the modern battle ship and the ancient war galley there are resemblances so curious as to tempt one into the dangerous generalization that naval architecture, like history, repeats itself. Even those who knew the existing type to be a revolutionary result and not an inheritance recognize that in form at least it appears to be a survival, or a return to the beginning, of naval war construction. Queerly enough, the identities are not altogether pictorial, because, notwithstanding the enormous differences in design, material, motive power, armament, and equipment, they extend to the theories of attack and defence. Of course no evidences of descent can really be detected, for battle ships, even in the same decade, diverged so widely as to have produced such variant examples as the 120-gun three-deck ship, and that low freeboarded monitor which made valueless forever all triple-tiered, wood-borne ordnance.

In section, war galleys were shaped like the letter V expanded at the top, and were built with keels, ribs, beams, and stem and stern posts. They had one or more masts, and spread square sails upon yards. At or near the water-line the sharp prows curved into rams; and within-deck, breastworks and towers; and in barbetted structures aloft military engines which threw projectiles to a considerable distance were mounted. In a rather whimsical account, taken from **Athenæus**, **Burchett**, in his *Most Remarkable Transactions at Sea*, describes a galley which carried eight wooden towers—four amidships, two forward, and two aft. From these projected breastworks filled with loop-holes whence an enemy might be annoyed. On the upper deck was raised a breastwork-surrounded stage, carrying a machine "which would fling to the distance of one hundred and twenty paces stones weighing three hundred pounds, and darts eighteen feet in length." Each of the three masts was furnished with engines for throwing stones and large iron hooks; around the bulwarks an iron palisade prevented boarding, and from the masts and spars hung grappling-irons. The roundtops were brass, and in them constant watch was kept by soldiers, to whom stones could be conveyed in baskets fitted with tackles. This ship was fully equipped, and was accompanied by smaller galleys and supply vessels.

The English battle ship *Trafalgar*, launched in 1887, is now being fitted for sea. Her mild steel hull is built on the longitudinal system, and the cast-steel stem is fortified with a ram composed of 5-inch steel plates. The military mast carries two tops as vantage positions for riflemen and machine guns. The armor protection is distributed in three layers: 1st, a water-line belt; 2d, a citadel at the middle of this belt enclosing the bases of the turrets; and 3d, an octagonal upper structure 110 feet in length, containing the broadside battery. From within three armored conning towers on deck the ship is steered and fought; four 13.5-inch breech-loading rifles are pair mounted in two turrets, disposed at either end of the lower citadel; and eight 5-inch breech-loading guns are carried in the upper structure. The secondary battery includes eight 6-pounder and eleven 3-pounder rapid-fire guns and eight torpedo tubes. In every modern battle ship the latest theories prescribe as necessities a dependent group of tenders, such as cruisers, gun-boats, torpedo-catchers, torpedo-boats, and coal-supply vessels.

Twenty centuries separate British Admiralty battle ships and the galleys of **Diodorus Siculus**, and yet between the new and the old analogies exist which are more than fanciful.

II.

From 1865 until the last three years the navy of this country, so far as sea-fighting was concerned, belonged to the galley period. It was magnificent in decay, eminent in impotency. In the past our contributions to naval science were valuable but intermittent; our sea record was glorious, if unrewarded, and our place among the nations who go down to the sea in ships was alternately at the van and rear. Upon rare occasions we carried good types to their highest development, and at times gave a new direction to war possibilities. Yet, as a guarded confession, it must be admitted that no other maritime nation ever neglected so successfully its sea-police. It existed, despite Congressional and popular indifference, simply because of an internal strength which obstinately refused to yield; and whatever its future may be, this much must be said, that the remedies came in their initiative from within.

This national carelessness is no new thing, for in the earliest days of our struggles with England the colonists made no preparations for the inevitable conflict; this, too, when the first overt act, the capture and burning of the schooner *Gaspé* in Narragansett Bay, ought to have indicated what the future might demand. After the Revolutionary war was declared, so few preparations were made that sea operations were confined to attacks upon British supply vessels; and the first engagements were fought by small private vessels, such as the capture in Maine waters of the *Margaretta* by a nameless lumber sloop under the command of that gallant Irishman, Captain **Jeremiah O'Brien**, and the seizure off Boston of the brig *Nancy* and other transports by Captain **John Manly**, in the schooner *Lee*. Even when Congress lazily took action at the close of 1775, all attempts upon the enemy's commerce were made with vessels owned either by the separate States, or by adventurous privateersmen, many of whom were so very much unauthorized as to have weathered piracy with their lee leaches smoking. By the beginning of 1776 seventeen vessels had been purchased or laid down, but these were mainly indifferent frigates and sloops, which were expected to fight small cruisers, to destroy convoys, to capture transports, and to avoid battle ships. They varied in size from 600 to 1000 tons, and carried on the main-deck from 10 to 32 guns of the 12 or 18 pounder class. The majority had no spar-deck, and mounted upon the poop and forecastle—usually connected by gratings—a few 6, 9, or 12 pound guns. Indeed, some of the smaller ones breathed defiance to the foe through port-holes which bristled with a grim array of deadly 4-pounders.

The performances of these Revolutionary war ships were so creditable as to have given them a notable place in sea history, but they were richer in glory than in any evidence they offered of what can be accomplished by a patriotic people suddenly called upon to defend themselves with inadequate means. It was a time for heroic deeds, not for naval development; so, when peace was declared, in 1785, scarcely a ship was left, because the country was poor in resources, and, as each disappeared, none was built to take its place. Some had been captured, some destroyed; a few were sold, five were returned to France, and two were presented to Louis XVI. One of these last was the *America*, a seventy-four battle ship, built to replace the *Magnifique*, lost in Boston Harbor, and the other was the *Indien*, a fine frigate, built in Amsterdam, and mounting forty Swedish 36-pounders on her main-deck. She was given to the French king in 1777, but subsequently he loaned her to the Duke of Luxembourg, a provident gentleman, who rented her for a term of years to the State of South Carolina, on condition that he should receive one-fourth of the prize-money earned.

As the finances of the new republic were precarious, no attempt was made to create a navy, and the only ships afloat were a few revenue vessels under the sole control of separate States, for at that time each State had the right to establish custom-houses, levy duties, and pursue its own trade policy so long as this did not interfere with any treaties made by Congress. For twelve years no ships were in commission, and this inactivity would have continued longer had it not been for the depredations persistently committed on our Mediterranean trade by the Barbary powers. The people awoke slowly to the necessities of freeing our citizens from slavery, and in 1794 Congress was compelled to authorize the purchase or construction of war ships. General **Washington** wisely determined to build, not buy, them, and after consultations with expert constructors, the designs of **Joseph Humphreys**, of Philadelphia, were accepted, and the government laid down the frigates *Constitution*, *President*, and *United States*, all 44-gun ships, and the *Chesapeake*, *Constellation*, and *Congress*, 38's. The large vessels were 175 feet in length, 43 feet 6 inches in beam, and 14 feet 3 inches in depth; they were beautifully modelled and splendidly armed, and for many years held the first place in their class. To us they are especially dear, for their deeds made history, and their names are still as familiar in our mouths as household words. Two of them survive, the *Constitution* as receiving-ship at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the *Constellation* as a practice and training ship. In them were embodied the most advanced ideas of their day, and they were the first notable vessels to carry on one deck the metal which had formerly been distributed between two. The gun-decks were pierced for thirty 24-pounders, and on the spar-decks were mounted twenty or twenty-two 32-pound carronades and two long bow-chasers. The 38's had batteries of twenty-eight long 18's on the main-deck and twenty 32-pound carronades on the spar-deck. This employment of carronades marked a definite departure in ordnance.

The original name of the piece—the "smasher," subsequently changed because the first guns were cast at Carron, in Scotland—was a most appropriate one, for they were the outgrowth of a well-founded belief that by firing a 68-pound shot (the weight originally proposed) with a low charge, a greater destruction in ship's timbers was effected, owing to the greater splintering. Then, too, it had been the practice to crowd into a vessel as many guns of moderate calibre as could be worked, but as ships became larger and heavier, the penetration of shot from these light pieces was so insufficient to produce any serious injury that there are records of duels and squadron engagements where the fight lasted three long summer days without special damage to anybody. Penetrative power to reach the enemy through his defences therefore became necessary, and the long 18-pounder forced its way to the front as the favorite weapon; but this was too heavy for the upper decks and for small vessels, so the carronade, of large bore, short length, and little proportional weight, was adopted.

The signing of a treaty with Algiers in 1795 suspended work upon half of these ships, but the "*quasi* war" with France which followed induced Congress to increase the navy so materially that in 1798 it included twelve frigates, eighteen sloops, and a number of galleys and revenue vessels. In 1799 there were afloat, in addition to the four frigates, five 28's, five 24's, four 20's, six 18's, three 14's, and one 12-gun ship. Many spirited actions were fought during these troublesome eighteen months, notably those of the *Constellation*, first with the *Insurgente* and next with the *Vengeance*. As most of the engagements in 1800 were with fast-sailing privateers and picaroons, or with barges that hugged the shore, Congress ordered the two 12-gun schooners *Enterprise* and *Experiment*. Their superiority over the heavy short sloop of 20 or 24 guns was soon manifest, and their records were most brilliant. When peace was ratified, in 1801, Congress testified its gratitude to the service by reducing the cruising force to fourteen vessels, and by cutting down the *personnel* and suspending the construction of the six 74-gun ships ordered in 1798. Good work was done in Tripoli, and a temporary increase was made in smaller vessels of the brig and schooner classes; but when this difficulty was creditably settled, the political mountain was delivered, with infinite labor, of that mouse known as the "Gun-boat Policy."

This was the outgrowth of an entirely erroneous assumption as to the demands made by a proper system of national defence, and tended practically to lower the *morale* of the service by destroying the only school of experiment and emulation which can make a nation powerful on the sea. Gun-boats had undoubtedly done capital work, and were then and always will be valuable, not as essentials but as auxiliaries, because their sphere is limited. Among the first of this type in the service were those employed off Tripoli; six of these, loaned by the Neapolitan government, were of twenty-five tons burden, and carried one 24-pounder; the remainder were captured from the Tripolitans, and mounted two brass howitzers and one upper gun which was 11½ feet long and fired a shot weighing twenty-nine pounds. In 1803 ten gun-boats were launched and fitted for service off the Barbary coast. They were long, low craft (71 feet in length and 18 in beam), sloop-rigged, and armed with two 32-pounders. As their rails were only two feet above water, the guns were stowed below in the run across. All arrived safely except one; and, strangely enough, though sailing at different dates from various ports, they dropped anchor off Syracuse within the same forty-eight hours. The profitable services of this mosquito squadron induced Mr. **Jefferson**'s administration to recommend a navy of similar type, and the 200 immediately authorized to be built were supplemented by further additions until the total reached 257. They varied in length from forty to sixty feet; in tonnage, from fifty to one hundred; were either sloop or schooner rigged, carried from one to five guns, and were manned with crews numbering between thirty and fifty men.

The attack of the British frigate *Leopard* upon the *Chesapeake* showed the country that this cheeseparing policy left it almost defenceless, and in a burst of patriotic fervor Congress directed the commissioning of the *United States* (44), *President* (44), *Essex* (32), and *John Adams* (24), and at the same time made a substantial increase in the *personnel* of the service. This concession to fear probably saved the navy from disorganization, as it withdrew a large number of officers from the gun-boats, and restored the discipline and tone which had distinguished it at the close of the Tripolitan war. In 1812 the United States had, in addition to the gun-boats, twelve cruising vessels in commission, while England bore upon her navy list 1060 sail, of which between 700 and 800 were of the cruising class, and included 244 line-of-battle ships and 237 frigates. This frightful disparity was so well understood that an unmanly proposition to lay up all our ships, to avoid capture, was seriously entertained by the cabinet of Mr. **Madison**. As usual, the remedy had to come from within, for thanks to the spirited protest, the dogged persistency, of Captains **Bainbridge** and **Stewart**, this suicidal policy was abandoned.

The war of 1812 increased marvellously the reputation of this country, and carried the fame of our blue-jackets into every sea. The brilliancy of the actions, the skilfulness of the seamanship, the superiority of the gunnery, and the equality of bravery and discipline astonished the maritime world. The contemptuous indifference with which British officers had regarded our struggling marine gave way to an admiration that was intensified not so much by the victories achieved as by the qualities our sea officers displayed. "The material results," writes **Roosevelt**, in his *Naval History of the War of* 1812, "were not very great, at least in their effect on Great Britain, whose enormous navy did not feel in the slightest degree the loss of a few frigates and sloops; but, morally, the result was of inestimable benefit to the United States. The victories kept up the spirits of the people, cast down by defeats on land, practically decided in favor of the Americans the chief questions in dispute—Great Britain's right of search and impressment—and gave the navy, and thereby the country, a world-wide reputation. . . . The best criticism on the war is that given by Captain **Jurien de la Gravière**, after speaking of the heavier metal and the greater number of men of the American ships, he continues: 'and yet, only an enormous superiority in the precision and rapidity of their fire can explain the difference in the losses sustained by the combatants. . . . Nor was the skill of their gunners the only cause to which the Americans owed their success. Their ships were faster; the crews composed of chosen men manœuvred with wonderful precision; their captains had the practical knowledge which is only to be acquired by long experience of the sea. . . . To a marine exalted by success, but rendered negligent by the very habit of victory, Congress opposed only the best of vessels and most formidable of armaments.'"

And these were the men and such the ships Mr. **Madison**'s cabinet tried to leave unemployed during those profitable three years.

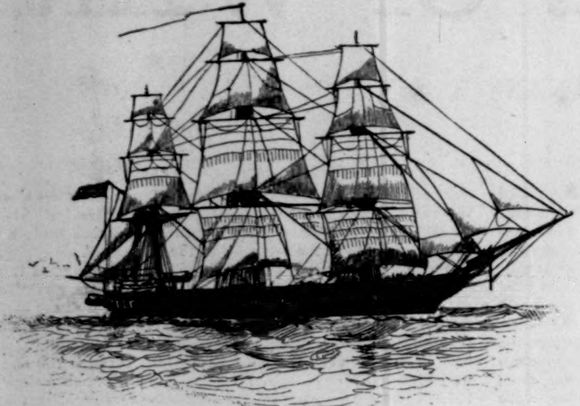
The progress of the navy from the conclusion of the war was satisfactory; for though no attempts were made to create a great fighting marine, our ships were unsurpassed in their classes, and our *personnel* acquired a reputation which it has retained to this day. The sailing navy reached its culmination through the ten 74's in the *Pennsylvania*, a magnificent liner of 120 guns, manned by 1100 officers and men. In 1850 there were either afloat or under construction 10 line-of-battle ships, one razee of 54 guns, 14 frigates, 22 sloops-of-war, 4 brigs, and 11 schooners and store vessels. "These ships were the models for imitation of all maritime nations," wrote the late Admiral **Simpson**, "and among the constructors of the period can be recalled without detriment to many others omitted the names of **Lenthall**, **Steers**, **Pook**, and **Delano**. The poetry of sailing reached its zenith during this period."

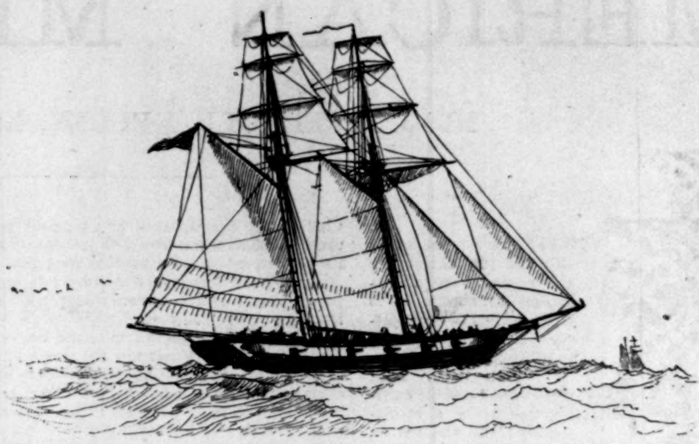
But even then the power of sailing-ships was ebbing, their day was nearly done; for the development of ordnance and the introduction of steam presented a problem in which they had no place, even as the least of the important factors.

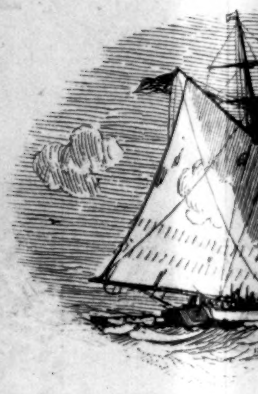
III.

Steam was first utilized as a motive power for war vessels in this country in 1815, upon plans submitted in 1813 by **Robert Fulton**. This coast-defence craft had two hulls, between which the wheel revolved, much after the idea subsequently adopted in some of the earlier New York ferry-boats; the bulwarks were constructed of heavily bolted timbers five feet in thickness, and the battery of twenty long 32-pounders was supplemented by a device for drenching the enemy with hot water. Her tonnage was 2000, maximum draught 11 feet, length 156, beam 56, and depth 20. The law authorizing her construction was passed in June, 1814, and four months later, on the 29th of October, she was launched at New York from the East River yard of **Adam** and **Noah Brown**. By May, 1815, when her engines were in place and her success seemed assured, **Fulton** was dead. On the 4th of July she ran from New York to Sandy Hook and return at an average speed of 5½ knots; but as hostilities had ceased, she was never called upon to show her fighting value. She was subsequently employed as the receiving-ship at New York, and in 1829 was destroyed by the explosion of her magazine.

Omitting the *Fulton No.* 2, laid down in 1835, the next steamer built for the navy was the frigate *Mississippi*, a bark-rigged, side-wheel vessel of 1692 tons, laid down in 1839 and launched in 1841. At this time all war steamers afloat were fitted with paddle-wheels, although many interesting experiments had been made with screws, notably by Mr. **Stevens**, of Hoboken, in 1804, by **Trevethick** in 1815, and by **Robert Kinder** in 1816, the patents of this last-named inventor covering a shaft and screw very similar in form to those employed now. **Ericsson**, however, made the first practical demonstration of its value in 1837; and when the Brittish Admiralty neglected to avail itself of the idea, Commodore **Stockton**, of the United States Navy, commissioned him to build two iron screw vessels for home use. So successful was the first boat that the screw frigate *Princeton* was laid down at Philadelphia in 1843, and launched the next year. This celebrated vessel was 164 feet in length, 30 feet 6 inches in beam, 21 feet 6 inches in depth, and had an average draught of 17 feet. Upon her trial she developed 200 horse-power, and a speed of 8 knots. Before the final abandonment of sailing ships, an attempt was made to compromise the conflicting views of experts by limiting steam to side-wheel vessels, and the *Susquehanna*, *Saranac*, and *Powhatan* were built either cotemporaneously with or subsequently to a few in a smaller class, which included the *Union*, *Michigan*, *Water Witch*, and *Alleghany*. But when the superiority of the screw for war purposes was recognized, Congress, in 1854, authorized the construction of the *Merrimac*, *Wabash*, *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and


"CONSTELLATION."


WAR SCHOONER "EXPERIMENT."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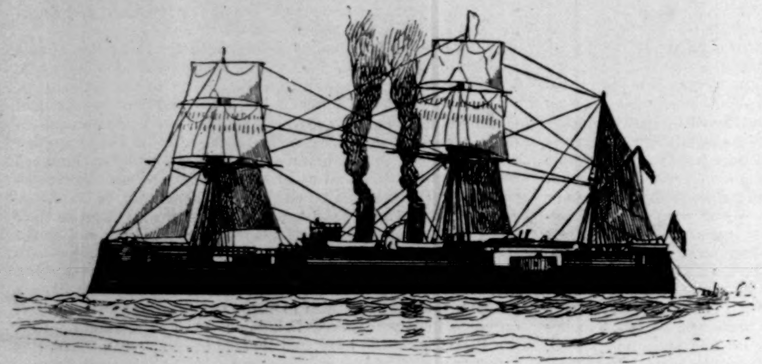
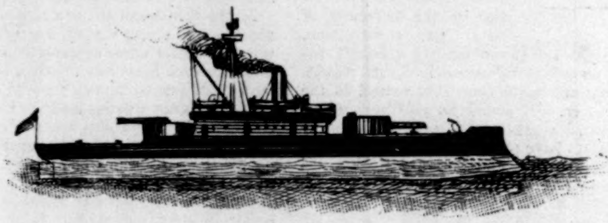
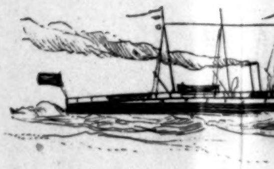

"MAINE."


COAST-DEFENCE VESSEL.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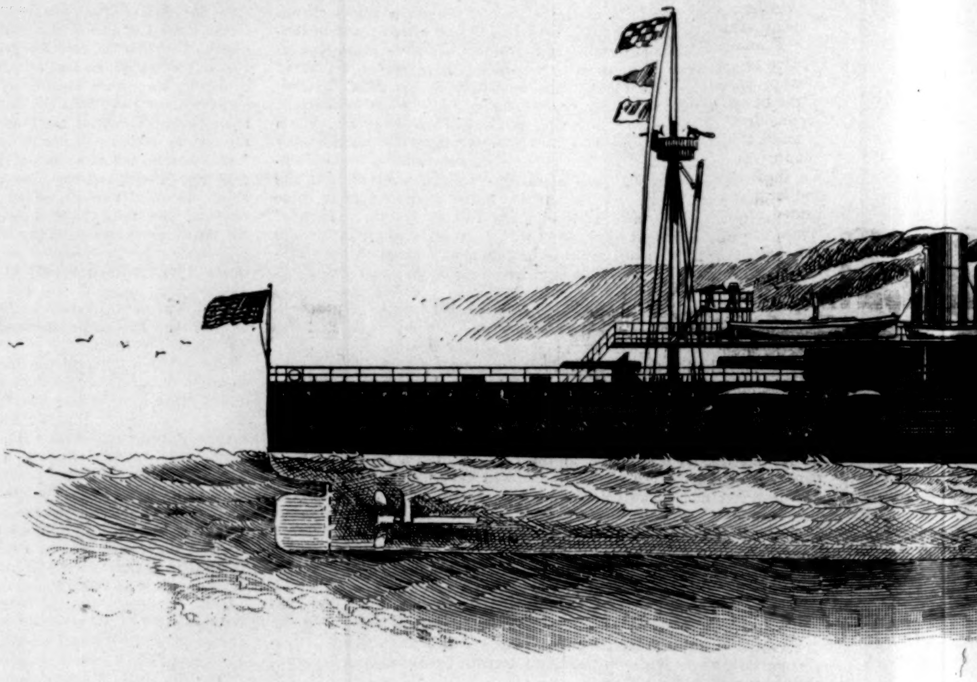
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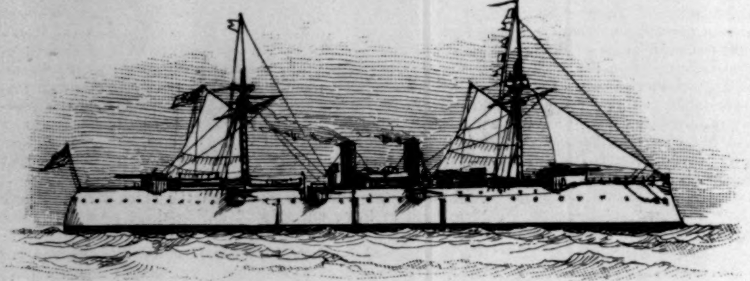
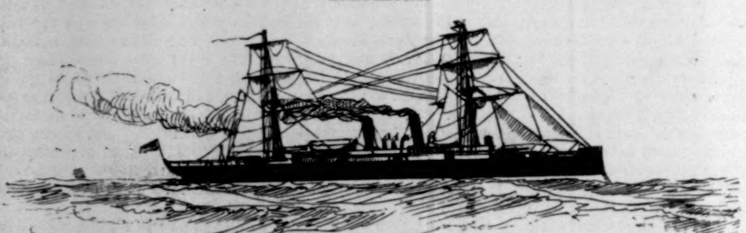

"BALTIMORE."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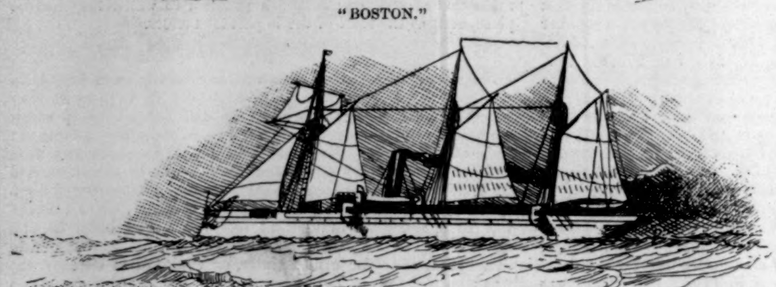
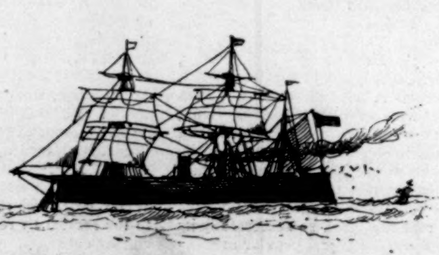
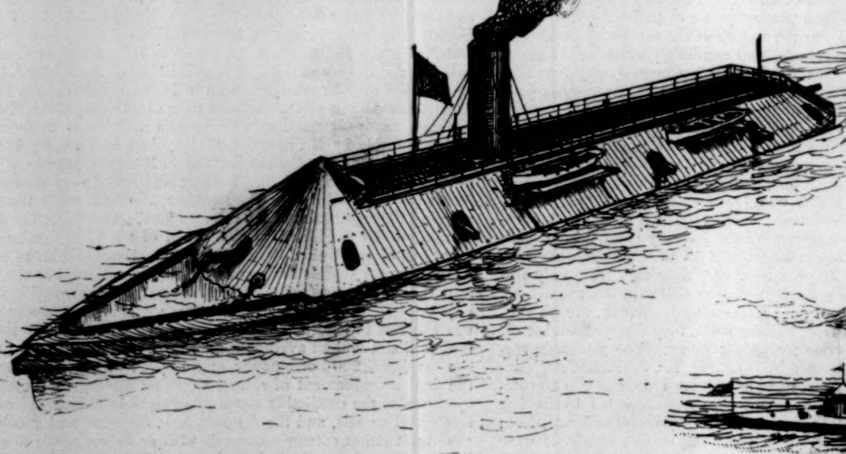
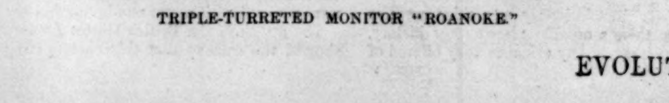
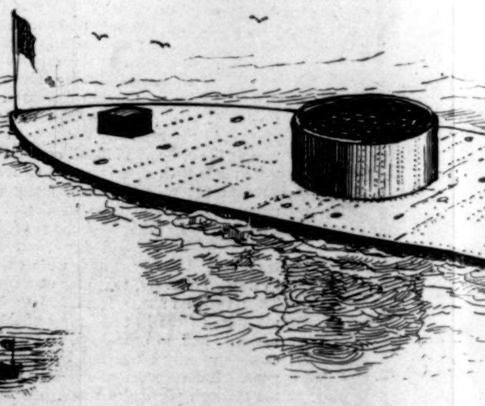

"DOLPHIN."


IRON-CLAD "NEW IRONSIDES."

GRECIAN WA


"MERRIMAC" (CONFEDERATE TYPE).


TRIPLE-TURRETED MONITOR "ROANOKE."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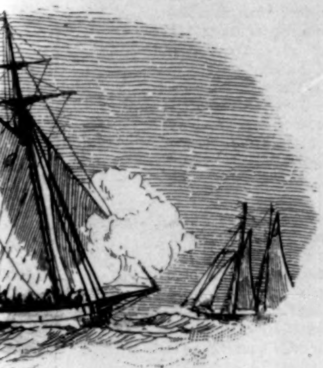
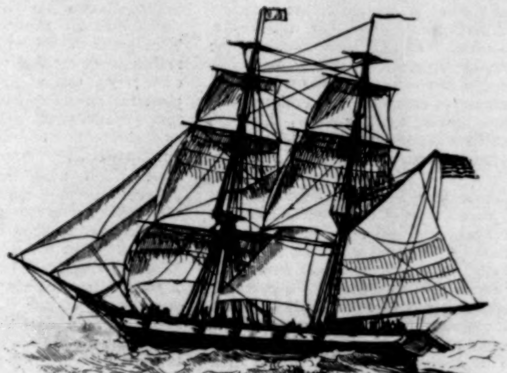
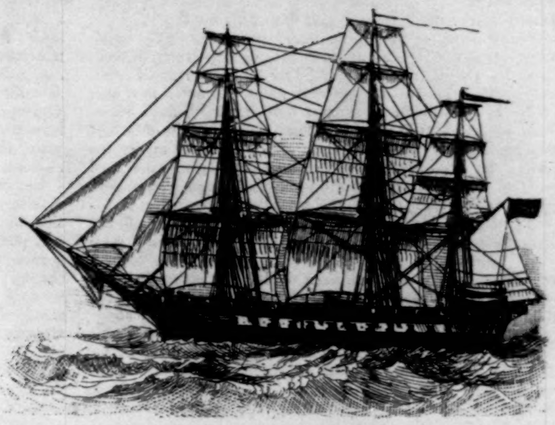
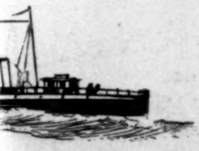
EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN WA


ARMED SLOOP.


10-GUN BRIG.


"CONSTITUTION."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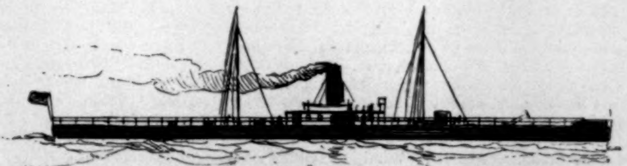
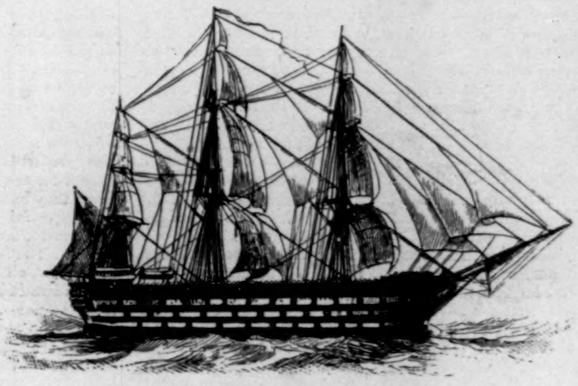
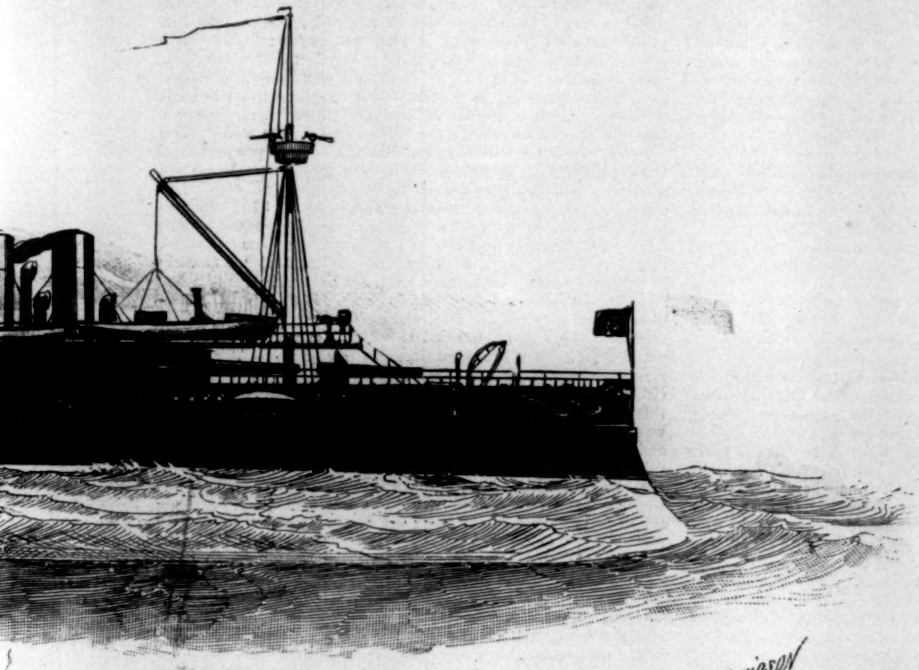
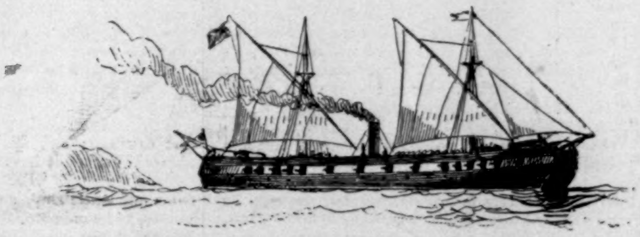
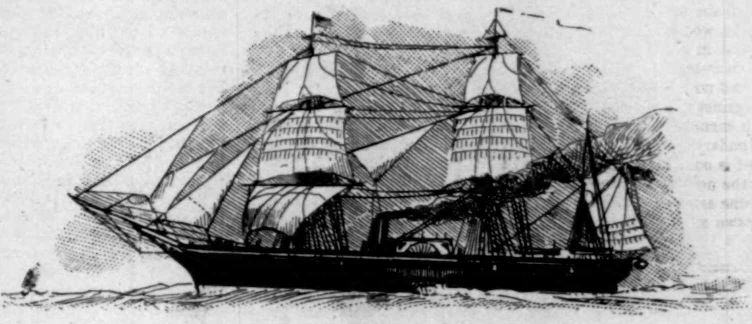

DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

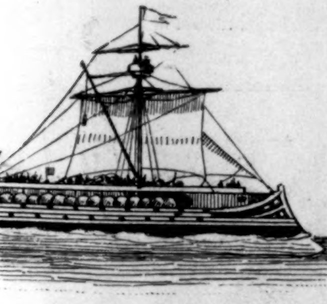

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP "PENNSYLVANIA."

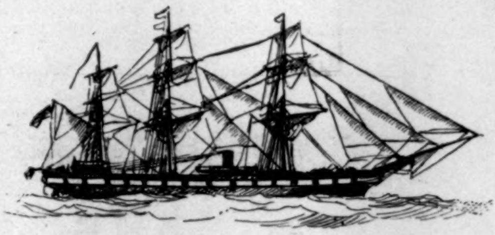


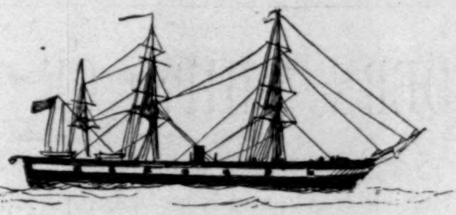
SHIP "TEXAS."

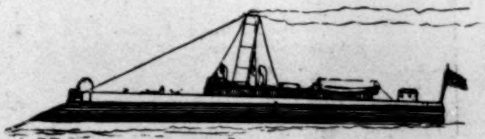

FULTON'S WAR STEAMER ("FULTON THE FIRST").

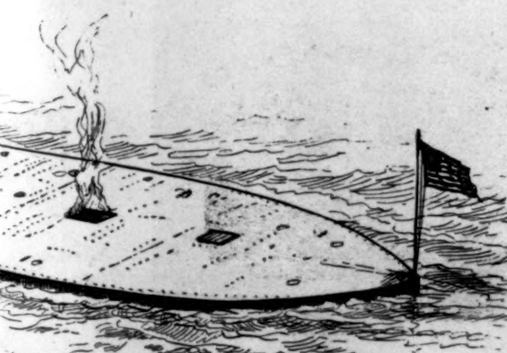

"POWHATAN."

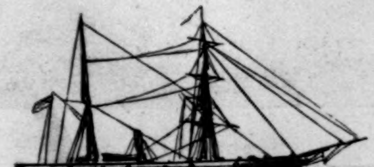

WAR GALLEY.

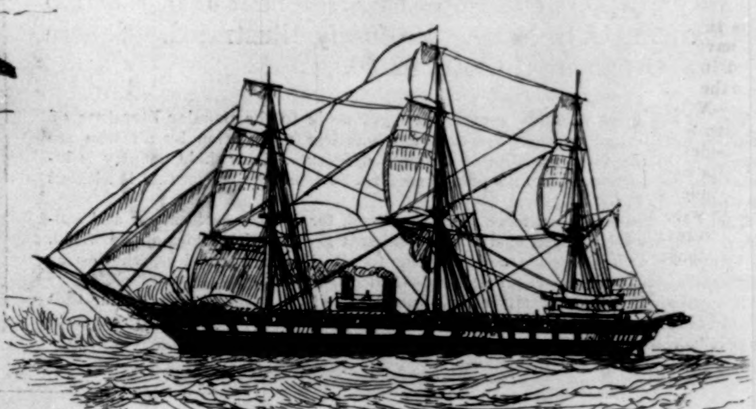

STEAM SLOOP "HARTFORD."


STEAM FRIGATE "PRINCETON."


TORPEDO-BOAT "ALARM."


MONITOR.


IRON-CLAD "GALENA."


STEAM FRIGATE "FRANKLIN."

AR SHIP.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.